The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

FIRST SPRING FLOWERS.

I AM watching for the early buds to wake
Under the snow:
From little beds, the soft, white covering take
And, nestling, lo!
They lie, with pink lips parted, all aglow!

O darlings! open wide your tender eyes;
See! I am here—
Have been here, waiting under winter skies
Till you appear—
You, just come up from where *he* lies so near.

Tell me, dear flowers, is he gently laid,
Wrapped round from cold;
Has Spring about him fair, green garments made
Fold over fold;
Are sweet things growing with him in the mold?

Has he found quiet resting-place at last,
After the fight?
What message did he send me, as you passed
Him in the night,
Eagerly pushing upward toward the light?

I will not pluck you, lest *his* hand should be
Close clasping you;
These slender fibres which so cling to me
Do grasp *him* too—
What gave these delicate veins their blood-red hue?

One kiss I press, dear little bud half shut,
On your sweet eyes;
For when the April rain falls at your foot,
And April sun yearns downward to your root
From soft spring skies,
It, too, may reach him, where he sleeping lies.

LEAN HARD.

CHILD of my love, "lean hard,"
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,
Poised it in Mine own hand—made no proportion
In its weight, to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine, not hers;
So shall I keep My child within the circling arms
Of Mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough; I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel My child reposing on My breast.
Thou lovest Me? I know it. Doubt not then;
But, loving Me, LEAN HARD.

What I did, I did in honor,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul.
SHAKSPEARE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DARK NIGHT.

"WHY, bless your dear heart!" cried Mrs. Varney, and she placed her hands on the head of her sick friend—"how I have run on to the neglect of works—and here you are all of a shiver with chills," and hastily opening the stair-door, she ran up the steps that wound over the great baking oven to the garret, and presently returned with a petticoat of red flannel in her hand, and her face flushed to the color of the garment. She had been completely upset, she said, "by a wision," the nature of which she either could not, or would not, explain. It boded no good, she was sure, and she would never venter alone in the dark again, though she did not believe in such things as ghosts. She thought they was mere optical delusions! "But hark! I hear the hoofs of critters!" She arose, and having placed a chair against the stair door, drew aside the curtain, pressed her face to the pane, looked and listened. "She couldn't see through the dark," she said, "but she could hear, plain enough, and one of the critters was Dr. Smalley's old mare, just as sure as her name was Warney." She spoke with anger and indignation now, and was evidently quite recovered from her fright. She had been foolish and nervous; in fact it was the talk about Wiolet's father that upset her. And then she said in parenthesis; "I'm glad it wasn't him I saw, anyhow!" And then she said she had not seen anything, "that a body's mind, when it was upset, would conwert things into things, that things wasn't!"

A statement that Mrs. Ripley readily verified by asserting that she had sometimes seen Isral's coat hanging up, and taken it for the very old Nick, himself.

"If Isral had only been into the coat, I shouldn't wonder," says Mrs. Varney! And poor, pale, little Liddy, was obliged to smother her torment and laugh, or rather make pretence of laughing.

Mrs. Varney's thoughts, however, reverted almost immediately to Dr. Smalley. "I suppose it's no crime to be young," she says, "but it is a crime to bring his beardless face here. That ever he should have the audacity! If he only knew himself for the pretentious boy he is, this room and the like of it would be sacred from his inwasions. Dr. Smalley, to be sure—well, let him doctor girls for the headache; but for mercy's sake let him not come here—he's just as fit to go to heaven and stand among the angels. They say he's high-learnt—I don't care whether he is or not—he's a beardless boy, and can have had none of the great experiences and awful sorrows that go to make men. And is a woman, in an hour like this when the wery grave gaps before her, to look to the like o' him to help her through! May God forgive the audaciousness of men, for I can't! High-learnt, is he? What is it to be larnt, anyhow? Why it's just to know that another man has knowed something—it ain't to know for yourself—to be stuffed with books is about like having your house filled with another man's tools; it ain't no adwantage to you it you don't know his trade. If I had my way, I'd set half the college-bred fellows in the land to driving the plow, and see whether old mother airth couldn't inwigorate 'em a little. Some folks don't believe in *Calls*, but I do. I know there is calls, and I know the Lord never calls a man without there is something in him to call to! He doesn't call a pig to be an astronomer, and and if a pig sets one nd and gaps at the stars all the days of his life, he won't even know that Wenus is Wenus! O but the wanity of men is something beyond all other wanity. They all think themselves good-looking! There never was a man cretur, yet, no matter how rough-complected, nor how or'nary shaped, who did not behold with satisfaction his own wisage in the glass, and believe that, some how, his defects was becoming to him. Werily, of all wanities under the sun, a man's wanity is the wainest! For my part, I never inwested my ambition in boys, take 'em first and last, and for all and all, and I don't see what adwantage they are to the world?"

The shivering watch-dog roused himself from the wet porch and growled, the gate creaked on its hinges, and plash, plash through the puddles that stood in the door yard, came the horses. A word or two was exchanged, and almost immediately a light, wavering and unassured step was heard on the porch, followed by a little fumbling noise on the door.

"Come in!" shouted Mrs. Varney, in a tone that caused the young doctor to fall back a step or two.

"Come in! I say," she repeated after a moment, and the energy of the first bidding was now increased to anger.

A pause, and another little fumble on the door.

"Mercy alive! who ever it is hasn't got sense enough to come in when they are bode." And Mrs. Varney was careful to speak so as to be overheard. She then took the candle in her hand, and opening the door a little way, reached the light forth, and peered cautiously about, as though she was expecting to see a thief. "O, it's you, is it," she said, affecting at last to discover the young Doctor—"really, Mr. Smalley, this is a surprise!" She then told him she thought it was the dog fumbling at the door, and finally asked him to come in, as though she did not at all expect him to comply.

He did go in, however, staggering rather than

walking; she eyeing him askance all the while; and carefully keeping herself between him and his patient. He was a man weak on his legs at any time, but now he seemed almost unable to stand, and dropped into the first chair he came to. Mrs. Varney was moved with something like pity, perhaps, for she said, speaking with accent a little modified: "It's a very dark night, young man?"

"Yes, very dark, madam."

The address seemed to Mrs. Varney pretentious, and she added maliciously, "I a'most wonder you'd wentur out, young man!"

"We, of the profession, have not much choice, madam," he said coldly.

"Humph!" says Mrs. Varney—her glances going through him like icicles: and then there fell a deep silence.

After a little, the sympathetic heart of Mrs. Ripley induced her to inquire if there was much sickness in the neighborhood; to which the doctor replied concisely and innocently enough, that there was a good deal. Mrs. Varney took exception to the remark, and said sharply, she didn't wonder; hoping doubtless to elicit enquiry on his part, and so afford her the opportunity of pouring a broadside into young doctors in general; but his colloquial powers were by no means equal to such an interrogatory just then. He must needs say or do something, however, and he compromised with his embarrassment by wiping the rain-drops from his face; seeing which Mrs. Varney remarked, "that if a man ever appeared to more disadwantage one time than another, it was when he had been exposen to the wet!" She then removed the chairs with which the door was barricaded, and placing a candle in his hand, directed his attention to the stairs winding over the great oven; telling him that he would find a bed in the loft, and that for her part, she could get along just as well without him.

But to return to the sisters. Finding themselves alone, they sat down side by side on a rude bench within the shed, where they were used to work together; and for a time, cried as if their hearts would break; but after the first wild outburst had subsided, they remembered that they must fulfill their mother's wishes at whatever cost to themselves; and rising, went about their accustomed tasks with as much serenity as they could command.

A fire was kindled against the rough wall of stones that served for a fire-place, and when the flickering blue blaze brightened and devoured the smoke, a copper tea-kettle and a big iron pot were hung over it, initiative of supper, the preparation of which was undertaken by Rebecca, Caroline having meantime to bring home the cows.

Sometimes, unconsciously to herself, perhaps, influenced by the thought of Simon Killigrew, Caroline had worn her shoes—for the most part reserved for Sundays and holidays—when she went upon this errand; but in this instance, she had no pride for herself, no thought about herself, nor about Simon either, and it was quite from the force of habit that she put on the accustomed hood and shawl, and from the force of provident ways, that she went out, leaving her shoes hanging by their leather strings, safe and dry.

The cattle had withdrawn themselves from the meadows, to the leafy shelter of the wood, within which it was already growing dark, as Caroline approached its misty outskirts; and were, some of them lying and some standing, beneath the trees, quietly chewing their cuds once she thought she heard a footstep treading along the wet leaves, deep within the wood, but her mind was so preoccupied, that she neither paused nor listened for the repetition of the sound, but went forward, arousing and starting homeward the cattle as she went. The rain fell softly and kindly, washing the tears from her cheeks, and twisting the brown hair into rings, along her neck and forehead. She had taken her hood in her hand, for there was something comforting, and friendly in the touches of the soft drops, and was stopping to warm her chilled feet in the leafy hollow from which her favorite cow had just arisen, when she became aware of footsteps approaching. She was startled—half afraid, and involuntarily made a little cry, that had more of appealing tenderness than fear in it. At the moment a lambent sheet of lightning unfolded itself out of the darkness, and she saw that it was Simon Killigrew whose steps she had heard. His face was transfigured almost, for his soul had been borne up into it on the tide of sympathy and love, that had so deeply stirred within him that day, and his voice had an import finer and higher than his words. They were commonplace enough, indeed; he enquired of Caroline, if he had frightened her, and said he was to blame for not crossing over to the house and telling her that he was going to fetch home the cows.

"I am so awkward," he said, "so unworthy to do a favor for the like of you, Caroline, that I am somehow prevented from carrying out my wishes towards you, in all I attempt."

"You unworthy! O, Simon, don't say that. If *you* are unworthy, then——" She checked herself suddenly, having gone towards him by a step or two, as she spoke, and with downcast eyes stood still; she had never called him Simon before, but always Mr. Killigrew, but her honest heart, stricken into yet deeper honesty, had unconsciously spoken for her, and, abashed at herself, she stopped and stood still.

Simon drew nearer now, extended one arm, as if to protect or embrace her, and then, trembling for his boldness, turned and walked the other way.

"Do you think it will rain all night?" asked Caroline, recalling him, "and be so very dark?"

Simon did not know how dark it was to her, and how much drearier the rain was than any rain had ever been; and he answered, that he thought it would rain all night; and then discovering how little she was protected from it, he drew a great bright bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and offered it to her. She shook her head, at the same time holding towards him her hood, to indicate that she was not unprovided.

"O, that is wet already, you must not put that on again!" And Simon, taking it from her with that sort of tender authority which no woman ever resents, came close, and folding the handkerchief, spread it over her head, and tied it beneath her chin. He did not linger, nor abuse the privilege of the moment by so much as touching the fair neck, or shoulder, but fastening the knot with unsteady hands, drew back, and stood, silent and reverent as one might stand before an angel.

The cattle, headed by the sullen white-faced bull, had gone forward, and hardly exchanging a word, Caroline and Simon followed, he going a little before to see that the way was clear, and now and then taking her hand to help her over some obstruction, but almost instantly dropping it again. Along the meadows the path was narrow—too narrow for both of them to have walked in it side by side, if they would, and it was bordered with mint fennel, and whole acres of crimson-topped iron-weed, together with, here and there, an odorous bunch of wild-flowers. Twice Simon gathered a nosegay of these, with the design of presenting it, but quickly ashamed of his presumption, tore the blossoms to pieces, and scattered them to the winds.

He could think of nothing to say—everything seemed trivial and vapid, the opportunity he had so often wished for was come—he was alone with Caroline Gresham, and felt the moments slipping like sand through his hands, and yet was powerless to give them even the slightest impression of himself. While they were yet in the shadow of the woods, he resolved to give utterance to the hope that was in him, so soon as they should come out into the open fields, but when they were gained, it seemed to him that the minute past was the fortunate time, and in fact, that of all the times in the world, the moment at his disposal was the least available. So he would fall to wrangling with himself, and accuse himself more hardly than his worst enemy could have done—there was no worth, no courage, no manhood in him, he said—he must be despicable in the eyes of everybody, but most of all in the eyes of Caroline. Oh, if there were but some service he could render to make himself worthy of her—if he could offer her a fine house, why he would mould bricks a thousand years to make it—if he could dive down into the sea, and fetch up pearls for her—not that she needed any adornment to make her beautiful in his eyes—the little bare feet twinkling along the grass, seemed to him fairer than the daisies they trod upon—if he dare but take them one moment, one half moment, in his rough hands, and make them warm! the ground was so wet and cold—but he would no more have dared to touch them, than he would have dared to rob the altar of its ornaments.

So, when the walk was ended, the opportunity had been lost—he had said almost nothing, and all he had said had been foreign to his thoughts. But to the hearts of both, the silence had interpreted itself very sweetly, and the shadows had been touched with that light that can only come down to this world out of the heaven of heavens.

The hands were eating supper when they reached the shed—all except Hill—nobody knew anything of his whereabouts, and nobody had seen him for an hour, or more, and, as it required something of extraordinary interest to divert him from a meal, his absence elicited a good deal of attention, and indeed excited some suspicions, which were not more than hinted, however.

But no suspicions were awakened in the mind of Simon, who of all others had most cause to be suspicious of Hill. Honest, open and straightforward himself, he never suspected evil till he saw it, and indeed hardly believed in it then. He declined to sit down at the table—"I somehow don't feel like eating," he said, "and besides I have set my heart on milking the cows, and it is time to be about it."

Caroline said he was giving himself too much trouble, that she preferred to keep busy, and at any rate, would help. She had taken up the milking-pail as she spoke, and Simon reaching to take it out of her hand—perhaps by accident—took hand and all.

But, however it was, the hand, once in his, was kept there for a moment, by the tenderest

of little pressures. His voice was lowered almost to a whisper, as he said, "It is still raining, you have been out too long already, stay by the fire now!"

No, Caroline would rather not, and she had no fears of the rain.

"Just to please me, then!"

"O, is that all?" and with a charming defiance, Caroline stepped out into the rain and the dark.

He put out one arm, as if to push her back, but drew her to him instead—"If you will not stay to please me," he said—"then stay, because I command it!"

"You command, indeed! by what right?"

"I will tell you by and by—now go back, like the dear girl you are!" And she went.

Between the by and by and the now, there was a little pause—to lovers we need not say how it was filled, and as for those who are not lovers—why, what matter!

The sweetly-promised by and by did not come that night, nor the next, nor the next month, nor yet the next year. We, too, must wait.

"Come, boys!" Simon called back with chary elasticity, "who of you is going to help me? You won't see Miss Rebecca and her sister come out in this rain, of course!"

The youngest hand arose with tea-cup at his mouth, and drinking as he stood, said if there were a hundred cows, he would milk them all himself, rather than see the young ladies go out! and directly two or three others, pulling on their coats as they went, followed, showing their good will by whistling, or singing snatches of song.

The task was soon done, and the pails, frothing over at the top, carried to the cellar, and set on the pavement beside the shallow pans into which the milk was to be strained, but Simon, glad of an excuse, remained behind the rest. He would chop and split some wood for the morning fire, and the youngest hand, intent only upon serving him, carried the sticks by armfulls, and spread them before the kitchen fire, and having done this, turned his back against the blaze, and pulling his coat skirts forward, enjoyed himself to a degree so exhilerated as to induce him now and then to dance backward and forward to his own shadow.

By and by, he became aware of something, with which his tricks were not quite in harmony, and casting side-long glances at the sad faces before him, his own face changing in its expression from blank bewilderment to wonder and awe, he took suddenly to his heels and was out of sight in a moment.

Simon came in presently, and laid some sticks of wood across the two great stones which served for andirons, and when the sparks flew upward, red and shining, to be quenched and blackened in the rain, leaned against one of the posts that supported the shed and seemed to watch them with the greatest interest; but in reality, he was intent upon Caroline, who was moving about in the glow of the fire he had made. It was a little thing to have done, to be sure—a little thing Caroline's wet shawl should hang drying in the corner, and her feet that twinkled so white along the wet grass, grow roseate in the genial warmth; but it was household and suggestive, and there are times when it does not require much to kindle the fancy. Who of us all, indeed, is too wise to hope for, nay almost to believe in, the best things our imaginations can conceive? Simon was not, at any rate—he neither smiled, nor spoke, but as he stood there, the fine lines about his mouth and nostrils twitched and twinkled until his craggy face appeared like some rough rock illuminated with tender little flowers.

"Is there nothing more I can do you for you?" he asked, at length, looking at Rebecca.

"Nothing at all," she replied, without so much as glancing toward him.

He felt himself to be dismissed, as she doubtless intended he should, and answered simply and sadly, that he only wished there were.

Caroline thanked him with her eyes, and with his heart fluttering its red up to his face, he hastened to make a torch of some of the hickory bark he had brought from the wood-pile, and having lighted it, went out into the night, and the rain, looking back, as Adam may have looked back upon Eden.

He did not take the path to the brick-yard, but entering the lane, struck directly into the meadow-land, and seemed, as nearly as Caroline could tell—and she watched him all the while—to be retracing the way alone they had so lately come together. Now he was lost to her view, the torch growing dim in his hand, and now as he waved it aloft till it flamed again, she could see him quite distinctly. Not once did she withdraw her eyes from him until he was hidden by the intervening hills, when, with a sigh, she took up the work that had lain neglected in her lap. A new life—the divinest that ever comes to mortal birth, had been quickened that day in her bosom, and the opportunity was given her to dwell henceforth among the favored women of the earth. She took up her work with a sigh, partly because she had seen the eyes of her sister slanting coldly upon her, and had felt the look of wonderment with which she regarded her, to be almost a sneer.

The time came when she knew upon what errand Simon went that night, but she waited for the knowledge, and we too must wait.

But, if her eyes could have followed him down the hill, that hid him from her view, and afterward through the entire evening, her history, as it lies before me, might have remained unwritten. Perhaps she was not yet good enough—nor yet great enough for the blessed dowry almost within her reach. She loved, but there are many degrees to love, and her love was not yet inaccessible to doubt, as, at its highest and best, it is, and therefore she must needs wait. Her face was still softly radiant with its expression of tender trust, when Walsh Hill presented himself, and with much swagger and bluster made his apologies, addressing himself to the elder sister.

It was not his fault he said, that he had not eaten supper with the rest, but as the rascally fellow who was to blame stood mighty high in the estimation of Miss Caroline, he wouldn't enter into particulars. And with a wink at Rebecca, he added—"she'll cut her eye-teeth some of those days, I reckon!"

Caroline turned her truthful eyes upon him, and his fell; but he continued to talk in his bold, bragging fashion, betraying through all his dark insinuations a covert feeling of hatred against Simon Killigrew.

For his part, he disdained to soil his hands by touching him, else he would give him what he deserved—the most terrible thrashing that ever a villain had. He did not call Simon's name to be sure, but he so directed his arrows that they must needs strike him, and needs go through the heart of Caroline to reach their aim.

"Do you think he meant Simon?" Caroline said, appealing to Rebecca, when Hill was gone.

"I am sure I don't know," she answered, "and for my part I don't care! but supposing he did, what is it to you?"

"Nothing," Caroline answered, "nothing at all."

Rebecca then said, that she supposed Mr. Hill knew what he was talking about; that she at least had never heard his truthfulness called in question! Then for a long time, nothing more was said by either sister.

When it was nine o'clock the supper things were all put away—the milking pails washed and turned down on the accustomed bench in a row—their brass hoops shining in the gleam of the firelight—the noises of the outside would had died away, and daring not to speak their fears, the sisters sat together, watching and waiting. The flickering of the fire-light and the candle—the outer darkness and the monotonous patter of the rain against the leafy walls about them, all conspired to feed their gloomy imaginations, and they talked of ghosts, warnings and death-beds, so that when the midnight cock crew out shrill and sudden, they started as if a clarion rang. The dull embers were laid together, and as the flame gathered and shone broad and clear, their courage so broken and scattered, gathered itself up, too, and their thoughts took more hopeful colors. They painted the future in a great many pretty ways, but whatever the picture, the chief figure in it was their mother—their dear, good mother, as they never failed to repeat at each mention of her name. They talked of the many things they would do with her, and for her, everything that was best should be for her, every sacrifice—every hardship for themselves. They had never till then, been pushed into one of those straits that show us the almost omnipotent power of our human affections—the blank desolation—the utter worthlessness of the world without love. They stood there now, terrified, trembling, and striving with poor delusions to protect themselves, as the frightened child tries to protect itself by hiding its eyes.

In that hour of sacred sorrow, Caroline would gladly have confided her secret to the heart of her sister, but when she would have breathed the name of Simon, something held her back, the heart upon which she would fain have drawn for sympathy, for sweet counsel, and for the ease of her own heart, she felt to be shut against her; they had been but a few careless words Rebecca had spoken, but they had been enough to make her afraid to hear more. And yet, she did not blame Rebecca—in some blind way, and without process of thought or reasoning she struck at the truth, and blamed Walsh Hill for it all. She did not in the least believe in him; and yet in her timidity and self-distrust, she was powerless to assert herself and her convictions either in his presence, or as against him, in the presence of the sister that she knew to be foolishly blind to his faults, dangerously receptive of his influence.

It is not the good that triumph always—the children of the world are wiser than the children of light.

Now Caroline resolved to speak out all her mind, and now something drove her back upon herself, and while she turned things over, the hours dragged heavily away; and at last it was day-break, and the cold grey light began to broaden and brighten along the tops of the eastern woods.

Wearied out by their long watch, and comforted by the approach of morning, the sisters

fell asleep, the one leaning against the other—but the sleep was light, so light, that they felt the first soft touch of Mrs. Varney's hand, as bending tenderly over them, she said in a voice broken by emotion—"children, your poor mother is gone!"

(To be continued.)

WOMAN A VOTER BY THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

BY MRS. E. M. PINKHAM.

DEAR REVOLUTION: What more is needed than the Fifteenth Amendment to enfranchise woman? When it was first introduced, I thought I saw that it quietly covered the whole ground, and was disappointed. The noble philanthropists engaged in the cause saw fit to advocate a Sixteenth Amendment. Not having preserved a copy of the same, I supposed I had overlooked some point; but the copy, as published in the Cincinnati *Commercial* of this week, is before me, and I can find no flaw. It reads thus: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition. Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to forbid our voting but a want of citizenship. If we are not citizens, what are we? If we are, the right to vote is not to be denied us by the United States, or by any of the states. If we are not enfranchised on the broad ground of citizenship, our case must be covered under the latter clause of the first section of the Amendment, which refers to the slaves that were, which says the right to vote shall not be denied "on account of previous condition of servitude." Now, then, it rests with the men of the "land of the free and the home of the brave" to decide, whether history records the enfranchisement of their mothers and daughters as citizens or slaves.

Of course, we look upon Woman's Suffrage as a fixed fact, from some source, sooner or later, and, judging from our associations with fathers and brothers, at no distant day. No child feels that because she is a girl, she must, therefore, be in subjection to a brother. Neither does she feel that she is any more subject to a father's rule, because of her sex, than are her brothers.

There is no innate sense of subjection in woman to man. Nor is there in *man* a feeling of the right of dominion over woman. The whole thing is a myth, brought about by false teaching, or by not understanding the natural laws of God, and blindly supposing that in this respect His revealed laws were in opposition to natural laws. This is simply impossible. If they are found to clash, we must doubt the revelation which comes through man. The usurped dominion of man over woman is in direct violation of the laws of God, both natural and revealed. The latter will be deduced from the history of the creation of man, when God pronounced him *good;* which history is contained only in the first two chapters of Genesis. The third chapter contains the prophetic history of man in violation of those laws which God made to govern the perfect man. The first step which Adam took in his degeneracy was in casting his own sin upon his wife and upon God who gave her. Job says "If I covered my transgressions as Adam, by hiding mine iniquity in my bosom, let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley." The acme of the curse was reached when God said to the woman, "Thy husband shall rule over thee." While man is exterminating the stones and thistles, may he not be allowed also to destroy this moral weed which is the curse, the bane of his existence? In the way of righteousness there is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death. Christians must come back to that time referred to by Christ—"In the beginning," when they (the male and female) were allowed to have dominion over the beasts of the field, etc., but not over each other. Our republican fathers should have abrogated this rule with the "divine right of kings," and they would have done so, if they had thus read the Scriptures; but, like Saul of Tarsus, they verily thought they were obeying God while sacrificing their highest intuitions upon their altars with their victims.

Even Moses, that man of God, when numbering the children of Israel, and appointing to them their inheritance, preparatory to entering the land of Canaan, was upon the point of disinheriting the daughters of Zelophehad, descendants of Joseph. But they came to him and demanded a possession among the brethren of their fathers. And not before Moses and the priests alone, but before the princess of the land, and before all the congregation assembled at the door of the tabernacle. Moses's mind had become so darkened by education from the ages which had forgotten God's laws, that he was obliged to inquire of the Lord before deciding their case.

What is the spectacle presented to-day—nearly 1,900 years since Christ came to undo every yoke, by teaching to do to others as you would have others do to you? The entire female descendants of the founders of this nation—the daughters of revolutionary sires—are deprived of an inheritance with their brethren of equal rights before the law!—rights guaranteed to every citizen of the United States by the Federal constitution, and which have been wrested from us by the acts of individual states, in violation of the spirit and genius of that great charter of human liberty.

Loveland, Ohio.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY AND GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE letter below is from the Michigan University *Chronicle:*

EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN,
December, 6, 1869.

DEAR CHRONICLE: Yes. Of course I will. We like those who like us; that is all there is of life. You like me—I like you. I believe in boys. Young men at eighteen must vote. Do not the Michigan students in their last *teens,* know more than unlettered foreigners who vote in five years; or dark brained, just freed sons of Ethiopia? Boys must vote. What say all between seventeen and twenty-one? Loud cries from a million of new voters of age! Organize the new party. Commence to-day. Everything and everybody votes now, *but women and students under twenty-one.* Did not boys fight for the Union at seventeen? Is the ballot more difficult to fire than the bullet? Start the ball. Demand and receive. *Think of it*—then associate. Association is nature's law. Birds in flocks. Insects in swarms. Fish in shoals. Animals in herds. Trees in forests. Drops in ocean Sands in mountains. So let the students band together and organize one million of young men between seventeen and twenty-one for the ballot in 1872! Why should a girl be free at eighteen and a boy only at twenty-one? Is it because the boy is then really free, *while the girl remains a slave for life?*

Man's superiority over animals consists in lying and playing the hypocrite. Do good to men and see them graduate scoundrels. Debts of gratitude, like debts of gaming, nobody likes to pay. Medicine is not drugs. Recitation is not acting. Patriotism is not love of country. Paintings are not pictures, neither is theology religion. Infidelity is not believing or disbelieving, but in professing to believe what one does not believe.

A live paper edited by live editors makes a live town and a live university. Talk politics, talk religion, talk anything you please; map out your course; abolish *perorations!* study French, German, Italian, Spanish, instead of Greek, Latin, Sanscrit. Don't be Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Orthodox, because your father was. He lived in time of stage coach, canal boat, sailing ship—you, in day of telegraph, railroad, steamship. He goes back two thousand years, shoots ahead two thousand years, and omits the present. You must be good *now.* Live right *to-day*—abolish all dogmas. Put this sermon in your memory: Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't lie. Don't cheat. Don't steal. Don't gamble. Love God, but don't love God so much you have no time to love your fellow-man. Love truth, love virtue, and be happy.

Good advice often ruins men. Nobody is honest in it. Everybody advises you wrong. Nobody praises. Everybody censures. Always judge of your power by censure. Few have generosity to command. Ingratitude is man's strong point. Egotism is bravery. Humility is not only a swindle, but rank cowardice. Be shy of friends; they never discover you have brains. Always attack; never defend. Push up stream; straws, paper, dead fish will float with the current; the salmon jump up the falls. Be plaintiff with mankind; never defendant. Think well of yourself. Be honest. Honesty is not only the best, but the *only* policy. Tell the whole truth. Most proverbs are immoral. Society is organized hypocrisy. Crime is not in the act, but in being detected. Never put your breast-plate on behind. Cowards lie; braves never lie. Be polite, just, generous, frank. Never ridicule poverty, misfortune, mistake. Strike high. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Show physical strength as well as moral power and intellectual superiority; above all, get out of the ruts. Reverence for the past hampers judgment, destroys individuality. Young men should be heard as well as seen.

Six years president and then elligible for reelection. Bribers, as well as bribed, punished by penal servitude. Hold office so long as good behavior. Is he capable? Is he honest! These questions should decide candidateship for office.

Express your opinions. Don't be bullied, scared, or shut up by old fogyism. We have no free thought, free soil, free speech, free press in America, but shall have. Young men are a power. Byron wrote Childe Harold at twenty-two; Pitt was Premier at twenty-three; Napoleon chief of the grand army of Italy at twenty-six; and Chatterton wrote himself immortal, and left the world in disgust at seven-

teen. The man who is not tall at twenty, strong at thirty, wise at forty, and rich at fifty, will never be tall, strong, rich or wise ; yet, man at thirty *thinks* himself a fool, *knows* it at forty—and at fifty chides his infamous delay, said a Young man in his Night Thoughts. Now good-by, my young student friends, till Wednesday, March 23, 1870, when I deliver my fourth lecture in Ann Arbor to the students of the University of Michigan.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Civis Americanus Sum.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

WYANDOTTE, Feb. 15th, 1870.

MY DEAR SUSAN B. ANTHONY : The finding of "A Letter from Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols" in THE REVOLUTION of Feb. 3d, wrought a very striking *revolution* in my estimate of said letter. I thought of Burns's couplet :

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,

and fancied that I saw myself as "ithers" see me, not by gift of the gods, but of my dear old confidential friend, Susan. Some of its utterances, personal to myself, would have been suppressed, as by a cold douch, had I been aware that my old coworker kept her private correspondence filed in the columns of THE REVOLUTION. But it is done, I know, with none but the kindest intentions, and I only hope your readers will look at it in the light of your own human recognition of the "trifles" that go to make up life's discipline, as well as its rewards. I had just finished a letter to you made up of items suited to your use in the good cause, when I was taken all aback by letter No. 1 ; and having prefixed so much by way of explanation (?) I turn to the items.

And first, in the Kansas House of Representatives, Mr. Sherry of Leavenworth introduced a resolution memorializing Congress for the Sixteenth Amendment, which was adopted 66 to 9. The Senate tabled it by the affirmative vote of its President.

It is not clear what we should or will do in Kansas at present. It depends upon legislative action in reference to the calling of a Constitutional Convention. If decided in the affirmative, we must work for enfranchisement through its provisions. If in the negative, we must again labor for submission of the question by amendment. As more than three amendments—the number to which any one legislature is limited by Constitution—are being urged by the politicians, the question of woman's enfranchisement will most likely be laid over. The time has not come politically, though it may sham to have come socially—when men wait upon women. We are servitors still and lay figures, to show off their gallantry. And yet, I give the mass of men credit for being loving and tender "*in their way.*" We must rely on the nobler minority of clear-sighted, unselfish men to help us bring up the masses ; and so in both sexes.

Bless you, dear Susan, for your warm assurance, that my sympathy has power to strengthen and comfort the hard-pushed, overworked laborer in God's vineyard. I learned the value of sympathy in the days when our work was a reproach and a stigma upon womanliness. 'Tis a noble work, to straw by straw, tear away the bonds and set willing hands and longing hearts to God's work of lifting up the oppressed, and wakening the loiterers among flowery borders to take up their share of life's culture. I sometimes cry out at being hedged in by circumstances, from joining the triumphant march of womanhood. I seem almost to have dropped out by the way, unable to keep up, but bearing in my hand the cup of water, it may be, from the wayside spring, to refresh the swifter of foot. But O how I watch and pray! I do all I can with my pen.

C. I. H. NICHOLS.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER XLV.

BRISTOL, January, 1870.

"WOMEN'S SUFFERINGS."

A LADY in this neighborhood when calling upon a friend the other day found that she was not at home. "I think mamma has gone," said her friend's little daughter, in explanation, "to a meeting about women's sufferings." The little maiden had all unconsciously, but most accurately, defined the occasion of mamma's absence. Although a member of the Women's Suffrage Society and deeply interested in that work, her object on the morning in question, and for many mornings and evenings, for some time, had been to concert and carry out means for putting an end to the wrongs and sufferings which result from the laws that facilitate immorality and are a fruitful source of vice and misery.

A number of ladies, as well as a committee of gentlemen, are busily engaged in this work in Bristol and Clifton.

The LADIES PROTEST, which I forwarded to you in my last letter, is daily receiving fresh signatures. Honorable women, not a few, have added their names to the list I sent you, eager to join in this solemn protest and to aid also, with pen and purse, in this crusade against the infidels to morality, and in defence of the Holy Land of Hearth and Home—of sons and daughters—which is assailed by this unjust and shameful legislation. The work of opposition is beset with difficulties, for many in Church and State, and in the Colleges of Surgeons, approve of the Contagious Diseases Acts, on sanitary and moral grounds. In addition to the Ladies' Protest, petitions to Parliament for the repeal of these acts are being prepared and are signed by men and women of all classes. The working people, who are especially concerned, for the sake of their wives and daughters, apprehend the danger immediately, and readily sign the petitions. Mrs. Butler addressed a meeting of eight hundred women in Leeds, lately, and has spoken to meetings of working men and women, in different places, who were deeply moved when the matter was presented to them. Hand-bills, addressed to working men, have been issued, containing a brief abstract of the proposed law and of mature opinions on its evil effects from men who have seen them in the colonies and other places abroad, where a similar law is in force. Indeed, a whole literature of pamphlets, papers, addresses, essays, and reports, has arisen on the subject of this terrible social evil, in its political, moral and sanitary aspects. These publications are almost daily receiving additions, called forth by the exigencies of the case, and the new phases which the question assumes under discussion.

Fresh weapons from the armory of truth are demanded daily to rebut the fierce and often insidious darts of the enemy. Not only is there need to state and maintain the broad and deep principles of morality and Christianity, in the face of a cold cynicism and the calculations of worldly expediency, with unwearied patience and faith, but an array of facts must be brought out, like fresh pebbles from the brook, against this Goliath of the Philistines—this great monster of our time.

The excellent LETTERS BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN, which appeared in the London *Daily News*, are about to be republished along with the Ladies' Protest and its long list of names. This pamphlet is now in the press.

These Letters and the Protest produced an anonymous contribution of £100 to the Ladies' Association from "An Englishman," which was acknowledged in the *Daily News*.

THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

The attitude of the press on this question is very striking and significant. With the exception of leading journals in Manchester, Leeds, and Bristol, and papers in Newcastle, Aberdeen and a few other places, which have come out decidedly in opposition to the acts, the London and provincial press has hitherto ignored the subject. The Protest was sent to every daily paper in the kingdom, and to fifty selected London papers. It has been published in very few. The *Daily News*, after admitting the admirable LETTERS referred to in my last, and the Ladies' Protest also, published a letter in favor of the extension of these obnoxious acts of Parliament, from Mr. Berkley Hill, and declined to insert a reply to it, or to take up the question editorially. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator* have come out with strong articles, chiefly remarkable for their cynical tone, their partial information, and their special pleading, all in favor of extending this law which virtually facilitates and propagates vice.

I shall not discuss the position taken by these writers, which has been amply confuted elsewhere, further than to notice the admission made by the *Spectator* of the effect that has been produced by the Ladies Protest. Thus our leading, liberal weekly journal says: "The act would probably have been extended in silence over the country, but for the protest raised by a few courageous, though, as we believe, mistaken women, who have succeeded in compelling public discussion, and therefore, we doubt not, in defeating the scheme. The army will be fortunate if even the original act can be maintained."

Thus, by the *Spectator's* own confession, the protest of a few women has rendered forever impossible the cherished scheme on which it declared that "the majority of the profession and the majority of educated men" were bent, and which the legislature was ready to endorse.

ARTICLES ON THE SIDE OF HUMANITY AND JUSTICE.

In noticing the action of the press on this question, I must not omit to mention two valuable articles which have appeared on the right side this month. The first is in the *Westminster Review*, by the Editor, Dr. Chapman, and is entitled, "PROSTITUTION—Governmental Experiments in Controlling it." This is one of a series of articles, and treats the subject in a lucid and exhaustive manner. The concluding article, pointing out a better method than any hitherto tried to repress this evil, is to appear in the *Westminster Review* for April.

THE LOVERS OF THE LOST, by Josephine E. Butler, is the title of an article in the *Contemporary Review*. It is the first part of an earnest and eloquent Essay, and describes, in historical order, some of the many devout souls who have

dedicated their lives to "seek and to save those that are lost," in this saddest depth of sin and misery.

NEW WORKERS IN THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CAUSE.

The London National Society for Woman's Suffrage has arranged for lectures by J. Collier, Esq., at Plymouth, by Mrs. Bruce at Lynn, Norfolk, and by other lecturers at Newcastle, Norwich and Reading. Professor Newman is soon to lecture at Bath, Chippenham, and Taunton. Miss Taylour of Belmoat, Strauraer, Scotland, a "lady of family," as we say, has come forth spiritedly as a lecturer, and Mrs. Fawcett (wife of Frof. Fawcett of Cambridge) and Lady Amberley have both offered to lecture on the question. So that we have a series of ladies' lectures in prospect.

THE BRISTOL AND CLIFTON COMMITTEE.

A meeting of this committee was held during my stay here. It is very active and vigorous. Preparations are being made and invitations sent out for a great public meeting, which is to be held here in the beginning of February.

Plans are organized to make the work of petitioning as effective as possible in the three counties of Somerset, Wilts, and Gloucester, of which this branch of the Society is the centre. Prof. Newman's lectures will be a great help, and the recent attempts at legislation, oppressive to women, to which I have referred, have opened many people's eyes to the vital importance of political equality.

Lady Amberley has accepted the office of President of the Bristol and Clifton Society; and if she returns in time from the Continent, where she is at present, she will probably take the chair at the public meeting in Bristol.

LONDON UNIVERSITY DEBATING SOCIETY.

The London Union, as this Society is called, was to discuss at its meeting, this week, a proposition on the Woman question, which has been brought forward by some of the advanced advocates of Women's Rights. The opener is Mr. Marcus M. Hartog, of University College, who maintains "that the present civil and political subjection of women is unjust, and that the franchise ought to be extended to them." Professor Henry Morley of University College in the chair. Visitors, ladies as well as gentlemen, are admitted.

MISS FAITHFULL'S DEBATING SOCIETY.—The subject for debate at the last meeting of the Victoria Debating Society was Temperance, considered especially with regard to woman's influence in teaching it. The chair was occupied by Mrs. Johnstone Robertson, who, taking advantage of Miss Faithfull's absence on account of indisposition, moved a vote of thanks to her as the founder of the society, a compliment that was passed with acclamation by the meeting. The paper was read by Miss A. B. Le Geyt, a young lady who contributes regularly to the *Victoria Magazine*, and who, it may be remembered, was presented with a medal by the Lifeboat Society for rescuing two boys from drowning at Lyme Regis. It was a brief composition, remarkable in literary excellence, clear in argument, and earnest in spirit. With one or two exceptions, total abstinence was discouraged rather than advocated, and much stress was laid upon the necessity of providing good coffee houses, with some such attractions in the shape of light, warmth, and facilities for amusement as are to be found in gin palaces. This view was strongly advocated by the reader of the paper, who contended that until some such place of resort was afforded, drunkenness would hold its way without much chance of decrease. One or two speakers argued that when compulsory education exists our national vice will have received a fatal blow. The lady president denounced the adulteration of alcoholic liquors as a crime against the poor. The cause of the orthodox teetotaler was left to Mr. Tweedie, the well-known temperance publisher, who staunchly insisted that the only cure for the evils of drunkenness was abstinence—total abstinence, and nothing else. Three young Cambridge undergraduates, who were present, spoke earnestly in favor of temperance, one of them even going as far as total abstinence, and he said the opinion was growing at Cambridge that the water drinker had a better chance of success in study than the wine drinker. The discussion was a most interesting one, protracted for two hours and a half, and the fair essayist replied to the whole debate in a very masterly fashion. The indisposition which prevented Miss Faithfull from presiding at this meeting, prevents her from delivering a course of lectures for which she had made engagements in our large northern towns, and in Scotland.

PUBLIC MEETING IN EDINBURGH IN FAVOR OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

The public meeting so long contemplated by the Edinburgh Society has taken place this week and has proved a great success. The Hall in which it was held (in Queen street) was crowded. The chair was taken by Duncan McLaren, M.P. for Edinburgh. On the platform were Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of the University, Sir David Wedderbarn, M.P., Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., Mr. Miller, M.P., Professors Masson, Kelland, and Calderwood, Rev. Dr. Wallace of the old Greyfriar's Church, R. Cox, W. S., Mr. Adam Gifford, Advocate, Mr. William Smith, Dr. Bedford, and many other local celebrities.

The proceedings were most enthusiastic. I forward to you the *Scotsman's* report as the limits of my letter only admit of a brief summary.

After Mr. Duncan McLaren, as chairman, had opened the meeting and read letters of apology from absent and sympathizing friends and supporters, M.P.'s and others, Prof. Calderwood read and moved the adoption of the report of the Edinburgh branch of the National Society for Women's Suffrage. This Society has been more than two years in existence and has circulated thousands of pamphlets, from some of the ablest pens in the kingdom, in support of its principles. It had corresponded with other towns in Scotland and procured nearly 100 petitions to Parliament, signed by upwards of 19,000 names, in that country. Altogether the number of petitions sent up to Parliament on the subject was 340 with 126,475 signatures. The municipal franchise for women, granted last year to England, does not yet extend to Scotland, but it is probable that an opportunity will soon be found to include that country in its provisions.

Bailie Mossman seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried.

Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., who was received with great cheering, moved "That ownership, or occupancy of lands, or homes, being the basis of representation in this country, it was unjust to make sex a disqualification, thereby excluding a large number of intelligent persons, well qualified to exercise the franchise." Referring to the absence of solid objections to the movement, Mr. Bright said that as women were asserted to be subject to feeling rather than to reason, so their opponents appeared to stand in the same intellectual position. He maintained that if disabilities were to be enacted they should begin elsewhere than with women who were less vicious, more temperate, and more thrifty than men. The Municipal Franchise act of last session, he remarked, had broken down nearly every argument against this movement which they are likely to meet with in Parliament.

Prof. Masson seconded the motion in a speech, for which I must ask you to find room:

Professor Masson, in seconding the motion, said he was in the peculiar predicament of taking part for the first time in a matter directly and specifically concernin the suffrage. It might be argued that the represent system was not yet adjusted on the best possible basi but seeing that it had been arranged at present on a certain basis, it appeared to him the height of injustice that where all the other conditions for voting existed, sex should be made a disqualification. (Cheers.) It had been variously estimated that an addition of 10 per cent. would, by the admission of women, be made to the electoral body, and he thought that it was clearly a plain act of justice that these women should have a vote. Was it to be thought that women like Miss Nightingale or Miss Martineau, or many others whom he could name—women whom men consulted on political questions, and whose views on political questions influenced large masses of people around them—should, when the moment came that they should exert that influence in the way of voting for a member of Parliament, be debarred from doing so when the merest uneducated boor in the country had a vote. (Loud cheers.) It was proposed now that there should be the addition of women concerned, at all events indirectly, in legislation. Now that would not be a mere addition numerically only to the voting body, but he believed it would be the addition of new ideas, new feelings, new experiences, and those of a kind which would ennoble our legislation, and make it more suitable than it had ever hitherto been. (Applause.) Women actually at present concerned themselves with many matters of social interest—with education, with pauperism, with many great questions that concerned themselves socially; and they had acquired experience of a kind, in the main, that probably did not belong to the other sex. They had also naturally, he believed, ideas and feelings which enabled them to take views of questions not quite in correspondence always with those which men took; and the addition of women to the electoral body would enrich and add subtlety to our present views of politics. He had the privilege of hearing Mr. J. Stuart Mill plead this question in London, and that was his argument, quoting especially the questions of pauperism and education. But there was one question which he would mention to show how women might have influence. They talked about reducing the public expenditure and great economy in the state, and it was a universally accepted view that there would be no very great economy except when nations cease to make war upon each other. (Applause.) Now, he thought that it was extremely likely, considering what were the native feelings and sentiments of women, considering the agonies that they had to endure when the world was divided into battle-fields, considering all that made woman so distinct from man—it seemed to him very probable that if war was to be extinguished in the world—for if it was to be diminished, or if the wars that took place were to be wars of necessity, if this earth was to be less scarred and reddened by the horrors and the ravages of war, they should be obliged for that purpose to call on the votes of the women of the world. (Applause.) But apart from the consideration of more justice to women—apart from the probability of a better and a finer legislation, and higher and subtler views of social questions from having women voting, there was this argument, which to him was perhaps the chief, that there were injustices and impediments in the way of women in this community as well as in others, and that the probability was that the only axe which could be laid at the root of these injustices and impediments was that women should have some power themselves to rectify them. (Applause.) Without speaking again of the marriage laws or about women's property, he would look at the question of the occupations of women. The theory was—and this was the theory of their opponents, so far as there were opponents of the movement—that every woman in the world was supported by the labor of men. (Laughter and applause.) That was the grandest hallucination that ever was propounded. The old song said that "Man must work and woman must weep while the harbor bar was moaning;" but the fact was that though men worked they did not devolve the duty of only weeping upon women, and women had to do working and weeping too. (Laughter and cheers.) According to the census of 1861 there were in England, Wales, and Scotland, 11,900,000 females of all sexes. (Great and continued laughter.) Sometimes one hits on the truth by a blunder, and if they did not know he knew that there was a great many old women in the other sex. (Laughter and applause.) The number of females of all ages in England, Wales and Scotland was 11,900,000, and of these 3,800,000 were working for their bread apart from domestic work. A vast proportion of these women—spinsters, wives, and widows—were working for people depending on them—nay, sometimes were working for wretches of men who ought to be hurled beyond the frontier where bread was given to the hungry mouth. (Applause.) There was also a general tendency to keep women out of the higher occupations. Commenting on the desire of women to

become medical practitioners—(hisses and applause)—he saw in a medical paper a letter with the argument that there were a great many medical men who were not in practice, and what would be the consequence if they brought in women? Now, observe what that meant. It meant that before they began to help woman, or allow her to help herself, all the men must have been exhausted. (Laughter.) How different that was from the so-called gallantry. Was it not the rule at a dinner party anywhere over the kingdom that women must be helped first. (Laughter.) He dared say the women would be quite prepared to part with that privilege, and to let all be helped simultaneously if the greater justice could be done them of being allowed to follow their own bent and exert their own faculties equally with men. This question of occupation, as well as that of education, to which he referred at some length, would, he believed, be duly weighed and considered had women the power of giving or refusing a vote. He was strongly of opinion that this ought to be made an election question, and that when two candidates came before them, if the one was not thoroughly right on this question they should rather give their vote for the other, though he might not be so satisfactory to the electors on other public points. He had heard it objected to the admission of women to electoral rights that the result of their votes would probably be an immediate increase of Conservative power. That might to one party be a reason for the measure. Another objection, which was entirely of a sentimental kind, was that it it would be a terrible thing for women to become hard phragmatical politicians—that it would rub the bloom off the peach, and so on. (Laughter.) He must say that he did not like a man who was merely a politician; but he must be a very insipid and useless person who did not devote a certain amount of a cultivated intelligence to politics, and in the same proportion women ought to become politicians. In conclusion, the Professor stated that if he thought this movement was to abolish, or even endanger the romance of the sex, which was stronger than taxes, or rocks, or the most solid things which men of brute ideas called real, he would not have been there as its advocate. (Applause.)

The motion was unanimously adopted.

Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., next moved "That women should be entitled to vote in the same circumstances as men who were owners or occupiers of land or homes," which resolution he supported in an able speech.

The Rev. Dr. Wallace, seconded the motion.

Sir David Wedderburn, seconded by Mr. E. Blyth, moved a resolution pledging the meeting to support the bill to be introduced next session by Mr. Jacob Bright and Sir W. Dilke.

Yours very truly, REBECCA MOORE.

LETTER FROM KATE N. DOGGETT.

LISBON, Feb. 6th, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Among the pleasant episodes of our sojourn at Nice was an excursion to Villefranche, where the midshipmen of the Sabine had provided entertainment for their countrymen and women in the form of a boat race between their crew and that of the Franklin, which was at anchor in the same beautiful bay, and a dance on their snowy deck. They had improvised a pavillion which was hung about with bunting and looked as bewitching as possible.

Among the first faces I saw as I mounted the ladder were those of Mr. and Mrs. Rose who are passing the winter at Nice for the health of the latter. Her friends will be glad to know she is much better than when she left America last spring, and she thinks a summer at Vichy will complete her restoration to health and enable her to go home to resume the labors to which she has consecrated her life.

As I looked into her bright eyes and saw the color deepen in her cheeks as she talked in her animated way of the good cause whose advocacy she has by no means relinquished on this side the Atlantic, I could hardly persuade myself she was an invalid. She has nerve power now to supply a dozen average women, or men either, for that matter.

A few days after, we undertook a drive to Mentone, over La Corniche, but when we reached Turbia, the furious blasts from the snow-covered Maritime Alps forced us to return. I wish to record the fact, for I think the mistral is the only obstacle by which Ernestine L. Rose was ever vanquished. We bade each other good-bye and au revoir in the beautiful Park of the Promenade des Anglois, the band discoursing sweet music, softest zephyrs waving the long plumes of the palms, and the bluest of blue skies arching over us. It was all so lovely, and we were so reluctant to leave, I could have accepted a slight sickness with christian resignation, might it but have furnished a pretext for a prolonged stay in this paradise.

Since then we have been snow-bound in Spain, then went to the coast, staying twice too long in every place, because we could not tear ourselves from the sunshine and the flowers, then plunged into the aguish atmosphere of Madrid where our bodies shivered for ten days, while our eyes feasted upon the divine Madonnas of Murillo.

But there are other plagues in Spain beside the cold. As a rule, the Dons are not agreeable companions in a car, or at table. To say nothing of using the toothpick after every dish till you would think each man his own dentist, and all applying turnkeys to refractory teeth, they use the handkerchief in a way most trying to ordinary stomachs, and expectorate to a degree that throws tobacco-chewing Americans quite in the shade. But with vigorous exercise of the will all this is endurable; the straw that breaks the camel's back, that is to say mine, is the smoke. It is disgusting enough at table, but there you can, if not too hungry, run away, but that resource is denied you in the cars where there is no prohibitory notice as in other civilized countries.

From Barcelona to Tarragona we were eight in one carriage, a space considerably less than a compartment in one of our sleeping cars. *We* had not dined, but some of the party had, and the garlic lent its odor to the cigarettes, at which they began to puff as soon as we left the station. An American, living in Spain, asked them not to smoke, stating that it made me sick, but, in spite of it, two men took turns with each other all the way, four hours and a half. My elbow neighbor was unwilling to have a window open, and so, half-suffocated, we dragged along at the rate of twelve miles an hour. I got the window next me up about an inch, kept it so with a corner of my shawl, and, holding my mouth to the aperture, a capital way to take cold and to fill my throat with dust, both of which I did, survived the horrible journey. I did not put on a long black strap, but I registered a vow that to such an infliction I would never again submit, in any country.

The next trial I had was returning to Madrid from the Escorial. Two men were our compagnons de voyage; they lighted cigars. I immediately dropped the window the whole length. You must know that a Spaniard fears fresh air more than he does sin. It was cold enough, but better cold than poison. Presently one man drew up his cloak with a shiver, and looked over at the window. I got as much as possible out of the wind, and placidly contemplated the end of my nose. Then the other pulled his cloak about his ears, muttering "mucho frid, mucho, mucho." He was quite right, the San Benitos were covered with snow, and the biting blasts from them blew straight into our car. Presently down went one of the cigars, the owner threw his cloak completely over his head and made a ball of himself in the corner of the coach; in another moment his companion had balled himself up in a similar attitude, with head muffled in his cloak. I drew up the window, and we rode pleasantly to Madrid. To this compromise I have mentally agreed. Though I think with Von Humboldt that, since the atmosphere of the earth measures forty miles in every direction, it is needless economy to breathe the same air more than a dozen times, I will consent to that, but bad air with tobacco smoke—perdoname V. por Dias, hermano.

You will be ashamed of me when I tell you that all these days I was within a square of Carolina Coronado and did not see her. "The decent boldness that ever meets with friends," of which Homer writes, never comes to me till too late. At the last moment, however, I atoned as well as I was able, and when we go again to Madrid, I shall bear to her greetings from her American sisters, like herself priestesses of liberty.

A pleasant note from her husband, forwarded to me here, says: "Thank you for the copies of periodicals and for the portraits of two of your most distinguished countrywomen" (the Editor and Proprietor of THE REVOLUTION, and by the way, I doubt if have I told you, that I saw you both hanging in one of the prettiest villas of Mentone, in the library of the President of the Philosophical Society of Dublin).

He adds, "Carolina sends you some little things of her writing she happens to have at hand. Though she has written a good deal, she has never made any collection of her writings. The novels are out of print, and the editions exhausted, so that it is very difficult to obtain a copy." That we had discovered, for we went to every book store in Madrid and could get nothing but the unbound volume of poems. This is "a partial collection, made by a newspaper editor for the subscribers to his journal. Some of her poems exist in the memory of the people, who recite them from one to another; some are passed in manuscript from hand to hand, though since the Revolution there is no impediment to their being printed. Her dramatic pieces exist only in the manuscript stage copies. I propose to remedy all this. The singular indifference manifested by the author to her own works is in contrast with the interest manifested by others, and I am now occupied in getting together these works in an edition which I hope soon to give to the press."

This, I am sure, you will be glad to know, and when the work appears, if no more skillful hand offers, I shall put some of her thoughts into English dress for the lovers of freedom over the sea.

Yours for the good cause,

KATE N. DOGGETT.

THE Emperor of Russia has given madam Patti "the medal of merit," naming her at the same time as the first singer of the court. Rubini is the only artist who has previously had the decoration.

Men tell us women are not mathematicians. Mrs. Janet Taylor has just died in the extreme west end of London. Her business was to fit young men for *sea* life by instructing them in the higher mathematics. Her logarithmic tables were simple and correct to a surpassing degree.

The Revolution.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1870.

THE DISABILITY OF SEX AND MARRIAGE.

Mr. Higginson writes an article in the Boston *Woman's Journal*, to show that the ballot after all will not be the panacea we have thought in securing for woman bread, work, wages. He thinks after we get the ballot, the natural disabilities of sex and accident of marriage will always give man the advantage in the world of work. He says:

> There are two ways, especially, in which the sex of persons employed makes the greatest difference.
>
> First, as it affects physical strength. There is very little work done by women which cannot also be done by men. But there is a vast amount of work done by men which cannot possibly be done by women as a class. This at once limits the work of women, gives them far less range of employment than men have, increases the supply in proportion to the demand, and so keeps down their wages. Even in work that seems light, such as standing behind a counter, it is a constant complaint of employers that women often have not the physical strength for it, and the stern experience of physiologists goes the same way. I have known young girls of the finest *physique* made invalids for years, by trying to keep on their feet for even six hours a day. No legislation can remove this inequality; the solution must come in other ways.

To all the above assertions we may say, wait a little. Give the next generation of women the same freedom man has enjoyed from the beginning, to be, to do, and to dare, and then we can judge if she cannot fill as large a range of employments as the man by her side. Men and women are exact complements of each other, and there are just as many things in which women (if untrammelled) are superior, as there are others in which men are superior. It is unfair to argue what woman's natural powers are, from her present enfeebled artificial conditions. To assert that a strong girl in her normal condition cannot stand six hours, is a reflection on the divine order of things. Every intelligent physiologist will tell you, that a woman's strength lies in the lower limbs, and man's in the upper. Boys and girls trained to run or dance together, all things being equal, the girl is the fleeter and more enduring on her legs. Hundreds of young men in our cities are suffering a long train of diseases from standing all day behind counters. We have known young girls made invalids by sitting all day. Multitudes permanently injured by becoming mothers, would you infer that a sitting posture and motherhood were opposed to the laws of their sex? Legislation can remove this inequality in two ways. It can roll the heavy stone of political equality off woman's head and thus give her new life, for freedom and self respect have much to do with vigorous health; it can provide too for a thoroughly scientific education of the people in the laws of life, and regulate our social relations more wisely than they are to-day. In regard to marriage he says:

> Again, the wages of the mass of women are kept down by the fact that most women do not adopt a vocation for life, but only till marriage, or till after widowhood. In Virginia Penny's admirable "Cyclopædia of Women's Work," employer after employer is described as making this objection. Female labor, they say, is generally untrained and inexperienced labor,—something taken up for a short time only. "Nine out of ten get married," said one employer, "as soon as they get fairly initiated in work." A man, after he is married, is worth more than ever; a woman vacates her place to some younger apprentice. There are individual exceptions; but the wages of the mass are based on the work done by the mass; and the average of woman's work is kept down by the fact that the best and ablest women, during the prime of their lives, find nobler avocations than earning money. All the greater quickness and neatness of woman cannot quite make up for this difference. This, therefore, is another cause that affects the wages of woman, and legislation cannot reach it.

Women have been trained 600 years to believe that no vocation could possibly be so honorable as that of wife and mother, without the slightest reference to the character of the man, or the complexion of his children. Anything, knave, fool, drunkard, or tobacco chewer, rather than the reproach of being an old maid!

But with new strength, light, knowledge, independence, women are coming to feel that a single life of self-reliance, dignity, individual growth and development, is more sacred than a relation that subjects them, body and soul, to the will of another.

Truths run in parallel lines. One onward step involves many others. With the demand for political equality, we see, on all sides, more attention paid to the health of girls, as well as a higher college education. We see them running, skating, playing billiards, croquet, and in gymnasiums—college doors opening, new employments in the world of work, and many fitting themselves for trades and professions, for for some definite life-work things unknown twenty years ago.

Single women, too, have acquired a new dignity, not only in their own eyes, but in the opinion of the world at large. They no longer consider themselves mere appendages to some relative's household, to patch, darn and fill every deadly breach; but they are fast engaging in some profitable business, with homes and purses of their own, where they reign and rule, receive what friends they choose and call no man master. When the whole world of work, art, science, literature, philosophy and government are thrown open to women, the best and ablest minds will undoubtedly choose many avocations in preference to the exercise of the one animal function of bearing children; as mere dependents on the bounty of John Doe and Richard Roe. If the discussion of woman's right to the ballot has made this marked change in her social status, it is fair to infer that its possession will secure bread, work, wages, more easily than to-day; for the recognition of a person's political equality raises him or her in the whole scale of being. When the right to vote was granted to black men in Massachusetts, it did not place a loaf of bread in the hand of every African in the state; but, in the course of a few years, it placed some of their number in the legislature to regulate salaries, the hours of labor, schools, monopolies, tariffs, etc., etc., on which bread depends.

As independence is the first element of a noble manhood, or womanhood, and you cannot secure it without money, we should like to know what avocation there is nobler than earning money? Inasmuch as human beings are made with stomachs, and must have bread, is not money one of the stern necessities for which we must all struggle? But if there is a truly noble avocation, in the pursuit of which the best and ablest women can live without money, we pray the editor of the *Woman's Journal* to inform us at once, that a long line of us may end this everlasting struggle for bread. Can any man share with us this millennium of ease and rest?

Again Mr. Higginson says:

> Men have attributed too much to merely political institutions. Social laws are the strongest. The ballot alone cannot secure adequate wages for the hod-carrier's wife, since it does not for the hod-carrier himself.

As our political and religious institutions are the outgrowth of our social conditions, and always react to preserve the existing state of things, whatever it may be, too much cannot be attributed to the political and ecclesiastical power that binds the people with chains forged by their own hands. That they make slaves of themselves ignorantly, in no way mitigates the suffering or degradation. That the hod-carrier is ignorant of the power of the ballot he holds in his hand, and does not use it to protect labor against capital, proves only his need of education in the laws of political economy.

Throwing the question of sex aside, we would ask Mr. Higginson if, in any state where one class of men vote and another do not, the voting class have not, in all things, the advantage? We ask this advantage for woman, and if sex and marriage are such fearful disabilities, then we should have two votes to man's one. "All things," said the ancient sage, "have two handles; beware of the wrong one." The modern sage, improves on this advice, and says: "My son, when you find things with two handles, take hold of both of them."

CALMING DOWN.

E pur si mouve! We are getting along bravely. In Utah, woman has the ballot. In Pennsylvania she has the breeches. In Britain, she is making a famous fight for the tobacco-box. In New York, she has her club-house. In Chicago, she goes for the adversary with a cow-hide. Is there anything else to come? We suppose there need no longer be any apprehension that the wildest disorders of election day will fright her from the polls; and we can imagine no more beautiful picture than the woman of the future, as she forces her way through fighting throngs, with a voting paper in one hand and a whip in the other, and a package of Solace in her trowsers pocket.

> "Ring in the nobler modes of life
> With sweeter manners, purer laws!"
>
> —*N. Y. Tribune.*

It is pleasant, at last, to find Mr. Greeley so jubilant over our most enlarged liberties—club-house, cow-hide, tobacco, trousers, ballot and all. Once our triumphant procession to the polls looked dark and terrible to him, but now, in profounder thought and wiser philosophizings, he has come to regard the public exercise of our prospective privileges of citizenship the beautiful picture we have always painted it, when the polls will be pure white marble temples, surrounded by fountains and flowers, and triumphal arches through which old men and matrons, young men and maidens, will go up together, in joyful procession, to ballot for freedom and equality, and when our election days will be like the holy feasts of the Jews in Jerusalem. As to the tobacco privileges, dear *Tribune*, woman has enjoyed them with man ever since the discovery of America. She has shared with him the delicate task of its cultivation, and its exhilerating influences in

snuff, pipes and cigars. But for our Puritan mothers, Britain would never have had a tobacco-box to fight over, nor a book written against its use by James I. to boast of. If one member of a family will chew tobacco, or eat onions, the rest must do the same, in self-defence, to make life endurable. The women in most southern nations smoke and snuff and dip. Scotch women smoke their pipes regularly, and why not the daughters of the Pilgrims do honor to their sires and sons, by following their example? If smoking and voting are inseparable, we should feel it our duty to smoke, and, perhaps, join the "National Tobacco Association," though our first prayer to Congress would be to forbid its cultivation on this continent, and, like the Grand Duke of Moscow, to cut off the nose of every man who used it.

FREEDMEN OF THE CAPITAL.

Shirley Dare, in the *World* of last Sunday, had a letter of three columns on the condition of the colored people in Washington, that is worthy to be re-produced by the American Tract Society, and scattered at every human threshold in the land. Somebody has much to atone for in the treatment of those unfortunates, not only in Washington, but throughout the slave states. The tales that are continually told of their flourishing condition and millenial prospects, where ten years ago they were slaves, are simply monstrous. That some thrive, is true—true in Washington, true farther south. But what of that! The swarming multitude are simmering in every conceivable form of degradation and misery. It is not their fault. They cannot help themselves.

The ballot was their right, both men and women, but was not their direst necessity. It does not give bread, clothes, education, houses, homes, fields, farms even in and around the national capital. It does not anywhere. But that is no reason for withholding it from men, nor women. It was their equal, inalienable, inextinguishable right, with Lincoln and Johnson, with Grant and Colfax, with Jugdes and Senators, with every white male citizen from the moment of their emancipation. And the endless circumlocution through which the question had to run to secure the right of suffrage to the colored man, and must yet run to bring it to woman, irrespective of color, is a damning disgrace to the whole governing power of the land.

But the government is as slow to grant the more pressing, more material aid to the paupers it has been creating, absolutely *creating* in slavery for almost a hundred years, as it was to give the ballot to the colored male. And the long and intensely interesting letter of Shirley Dare should cover the whole governing power at Washington with blushes deep as bronze; and the following passage shows that some, at least, of even that class, are giving the frightful problem their attention:

> Setting aside the decrepit ones, who must owe their daily breath to charity as long as they draw it, there must be something done to effectually relieve the poor of the District, or they will prove worse than the mice in Bishop Hatto's tower on the Rhine. There must be work found for them, or else it will be a kindness to drown them, like puppies in a pond, in Anacostia Creek at once. On this point, I am happy to find the practical philanthropists and criticising politicians agree. Gen. Howard and Senator Stewart, Mrs. Griffing and Senator Thurman express the same opinion on the subject.

Referring to Mrs. Griffing, whose name has had honorable mention and not too often in The Revolution, the writer says:

> Congress has appropriated $30,000 this session for the relief of the poor. This fund last year was entrusted mainly to one good woman, Mrs. Josephine Griffing, whose executive abilities and knowledge of the work impressed Congress with the conviction that the fund was best intrusted to her hands. This year again it is distributed by the same woman, but the authority is in the hands of the War Office, instead of the Mayors of Washington and Georgetown as before. * * *
>
> I sat an hour this morning in Mrs. Griffing's office during the distribution of rations, and a curious scene it was. There was not a sound creature among the crowd which filled the yard, and which hangs about all day from 9 till 4, which the neighborhood calls "Mrs. Griffing's signs." It reminded me of another "crowd of impotent folk, lame, halt, and blind, which filled the loveliest space in Jerusalem, and was a sign of joy and charity in the place. Queer, tender, wistful faces so earnest one forgets their grotesque character and ragged, faded forms, cluster in the porch, such a set as one might once have seen put up at auction as a "refuse lot" of plantation negroes. The men wear old army cloaks, while the women—imagine if you please a convention of old umbrellas in every stage of decay—they are so comic one struggles between the ludicrous and the pitiful. * * * * *
>
> The faith of this class seems to be fastened nowhere so strongly as upon Mrs. Griffing. Salutations follow her along the streets, enough to satisy the proudest Pharisee, and it provokes one between a smile and a tear to see the women waiting timidly, yet eagerly, for a word from her to set their faces all aglow. They used to say persistently, "We belongs to you," and no efforts could induce them to change that phrase. "Whom has we but the Lord and you?" was the simple argument which stayed protest from the kind, proud woman who was their benefactress. A few words from her will draw out histories, simple, funny, and sad, beyond question.

Such is the condition of the freed people in Washington, whole streets and alleys, as well as houses, hovels and dens full, of every conceivable class and kind into which they can creep or crawl. And the work Mrs. Griffing, has done and is constantly doing for them will never be known till eternity unrolls its records. While the evil also, those do who cry continually *prosperity* and *plenty* of them, in their present condition, all over the old slave states, will only be disclosed under the same new kindled sun and skies. P. P.

THE LECTURER ON CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

For some strange reason, most scurrillous and infamous reports have gone into newspaper circulation, running, with hydrophobic fierceness, all the way to the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, to the effect that Mrs. Holloway, the lecturer on Charlotte Bronte, had been visited in person by some of the prominent leaders in the Woman's Suffrage movement and seriously threatened with hisses, if not severer violence, should she repeat some utterances in the lecture unfriendly to their enterprise, in her redelivery of it in this city, as was proposed in behalf of the Cubans. The following is a sample, as reported in the Boston *Advertiser*, by a New York correspondent:

> When she (Mrs. Holloway) had concluded, a bevy of the strongest-minded waited upon her, and asked that she would erase the obnoxious words. The lady, although astonished at their peculiar earnestness, quietly refused to unsay what she had said, or to keep unsaid what she desired to say from the platform. And thus the signal for war was given. The advocates, with the cry that they would "make New York too hot" for the courageous little lady, began to persecute her in the most annoying way (the posters which she had put up announcing her lecture were torn down by some unknown hand, etc., etc.), and attended her lecture (the second delivery), securing a front row of seats. The lecturer read her lecture to the satisfaction of her audience, and when she came to the passage which had so angered her now enemies before, looked down into their eyes and repeated the terrible sentences slowly, defiantly and eloquently. They tried to hiss, but some of the lady's admirers knowing to the condition of affairs, drowned their stinging noise with the loudest of loud applause.

Cooler, more diabolical falsehood than that, made out of nothing, was never uttered in any journal, not to speak of one so respectable, so "Ancient and Honorable" as the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. In justice to Mrs. Holloway, the only person really injured by the outrage, except the perpetrators themselves, and in the absence of the proprietor and editor of The Revolution, whose names were mentioned in some of the reports, I give the following letter a place in these columns:

> New York, Feb. 19th, 1870.
>
> Dear Miss Anthony: My attention has just been called to an article in the *Democrat* which unkindly assails you at my expense, and which, as far as I am concerned, is utterly false. Where or how it originated, I am unable to say, but nothing could have pained me more deeply. Towards you there can only exist in my heart, the warmest feelings of admiration, and I would deplore any event which would lessen your interest in myself.
>
> Be pleased to accept this denial of complicity in the article alluded to, and believe me always yours most truly, Laura C. Holloway.

The Revolution criticised the lecture of Mrs. Holloway, but in the most friendly spirit, and, with an honest purpose to make the lecture and its author as useful and as widely known and as highly esteemed and admired as she could desire, suggested the omission of three brief sentences that seemed to reflect unfavorably on the Woman Suffrage movement. And the enemies of that movement could do no better, than to make that the occasion of one of the grossest wrongs ever inflicted on an innocent woman. Her letter, as above, should bring the whole of them in shame, sorrow and contrition to her feet for forgiveness for the wrong they have done her. P. P.

Women versus Women.—The aristocracy of Washington and a few of the working women of Boston have shaken hands, the one kid gloved and diamond sparkling, the other hardened, enlarged, and bent with toil in an effort to oppose Woman Suffrage. Can they not settle all differences and difficulties between them in the same friendly spirit?

The following is one of the resolutions adopted by some Boston working women:

> Resolved, That we have entire confidence in the justice, impartiality and honorable intentions of our fathers, brothers and husbands, and that we believe them as capable as ourselves to pass upon and administer the necessary laws for the government of this state without our interference, believing that our interests are mutual.

Why should they not substitute for "fathers, brothers and husbands," *capitalists, bankers, brokers* and *bondholders*, and not trouble themselves any farther on the subject. But there is one thing these people of both classes should know, and that is, that a good many rich women and poor women do want to vote and mean to vote. And having an undoubted right to vote they will not be turned from their purpose by any opposing influence. Those who do not desire the ballot will always have the same leave of absence from the polls as now, if they desire it."

Best of all, however, is the fact that but very few Boston Working Women have anything to do with so preposterous a step. P. P.

Left Out.—The Call for the Anniversary and other matter in type, are unavoidably omitted this week.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Being too ill either to be present at Miss Anthony's birthday festival, or to write any fitting testimonial of my love and respect for her, I improve the first moment of returning strength to add my word to the many eulogiums that have been showered upon her by the press at large, as well as her private circle of friends. As the N. Y. *Phrenological Journal*, and several other of our leading periodicals, have given able sketches of Miss Anthony's life and character, I will attempt no analysis of one as dear to me as those of my own household.

In an intimate friendship of twenty years; without a break or shadow; in daily consultation; sometimes for months together under the same roof; often in circumstances of great trial and perplexity, I can truly say that she is the most charitable, generous, self-reliant, magnanimous human being that I ever knew.

As I recall the honesty and heroism of her public life; her tenderness, and generous self-sacrifice to friends in private; her spontaneous good will towards her worst enemies, a new hope kindles within me for all womankind—a hope that by giving some high purpose to their lives, all women may be lifted above the petty envy, jealousy, malice and discontent that now poison so many hearts that might, in healthy action, overflow with love and good will to all mankind.

Miss Anthony's grand life is a lesson to all unmarried women, showing that the love element need not be wholly lost unless centered on husband and children. To live for a principle, for the triumph of some reform by which all mankind are to be lifted up—to be wedded to an idea may, after all, be a holier, happier life, than a marriage of the flesh alone.

While the other women who started in this reform with Miss Anthony, twenty years ago, have all had their homes, husbands and children, making primary claims on their time and thought, Miss Anthony has given herself, body and soul, to the movement, making it her life work, trade, profession, home, husband, child; never allowing anything to come between her and this one all-absorbing thought. So entirely has she become the embodiment of this idea, that all have come to feel that whatever they do to help on conventions, papers, petitions, etc., they are really conferring some special favor on Miss Anthony. She has been for many years the missionary, visiting us, one and all, in our homes, keeping alive the fires of rebellion, urging us to write, to speak, to petition, shaming some who felt satisfied in their chains, and making the discontent of others healthy by rousing it to action. And now, after a life of such devotion, of such faithful, untiring work, it ill befits the eleventh hour converts to vote her methods unworthy the cause, and her unworthy a place on a Woman's Rights platform.

Fortunately the Boston clique does not hold the hearts of the American people in its right hand, and in spite of its malignity and persecutions the world will honor the name of Susan B. Anthony in all coming time. To-day, even, she begins to reap her just reward, for no living woman has ever been so eulogized by the press as she has been for the last year. The New York city papers, as our readers saw last week, really vied with each other in their testimonials to her goodness and ability. All showing that the best way to meet falsehood and slander is to lead a grand, pure life, knowing that justice will be done at last.

E. C. S.

Editorial Correspondence.

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 25, 1870.

Dear Revolution: The trip from Richmond to Charleston is twenty-six hours, through a dreary country; over the swamps of the Congeree, the Great Pedee, the Wateree, and the Santee; literally over swamps it is; the rails are on spiles seven, eight and ten feet above water, and the road straight as a line, in the far distance it narrows to a point no larger than the star which has guided many a wanderer to freedom in the frigid north. Standing at the end of the car looking up at the tall pines and cypress and back through the long vista with the heart hungry for home, one almost questions whether the remnant of life is worth enough to compensate for these long winter pilgrimages; but free breathing and a clear voice, with the genial sunshine almost all the time, with the fresh fragrance of flowers and great luscious oranges, we shall manage to make time pass tolerably, till the strawberries and the birds direct us northward. In the meantime we shall find work here.

After the refreshment of a bath and dinner, we sallied out first to the post office, and then to call on the Mayor, Mr. Pillsbury, where we were received with genuine cordiality and urgently invited to pass a few days in his pleasant residence. We accepted and had thus ample time and opportunity "to do Charleston." At the Charleston House, we missed the familiar face of old Marcus, who had sat for more than twenty years at the ladies entrance, and when we were last here he was lamenting the grand old days. On inquiry we learned that he had decided to accept the new conditions and go to shoe-making.

Our paper has lain long before us with the pen suspended, not for want of thought or material, about which to write; but to select and leave unsaid what will harm individuals and possibly be of no avail in settling great questions. Those who come south with the power to enter the inner circle and see all the workings of the wheels within wheels, will have an understanding of Ezekiel, for the political machinery here is as complicated as was his vision. The pictures drawn by P. P. last autumn in The Revolution and *Independent*, though darkly sorrowful are correct in drawing, in foreshortning and in perspective, and true, too, in all their dark sombre shading. It needs his clear head and brave fearless spirit to paint these terrible things truly. Only thus much of politics will we say. Had our lawgivers and reformers been wise in their day and generation they would have made the Fifteenth Amendment broad enough to cover all humanity then the conditions would have been less humiliating, and there might have been some hope of a permanent peace; there need have been no such hurry in reconstruction, and the great desire to finish one grand moral movement has only increased the chaos and work which remain to be done. A gentleman of high integrity of character says the women are far more to be trusted than the men; they (the freed women) drink less, and are not so easily bribed. Many of them at the last contested election learned the color of the ballots and went with their husbands to the polls holding on to them and making them vote for the true man, telling them they would not let them be bribed, and bought up—with whiskey, or money.

Sunday we visited different churches and cemeteries; saw the grave of Calhoun, which bears the marks of relic hunters. The marble slab chipped and broken, tells its own story of vandalism. The beautiful ruin of the circular church whose coach porcheré was almost perfect in its proportions, is fast disappearing, the pillars have been removed, new glaring white buildings are fast taking the places of ruins that might have made pictures for future artists, better than many which they now cross the ocean to see. St. Michael's church was interesting, as it has just passed its one hundred and tenth year; finished entirely with cedar and solid mahogany, it looks venerable. When the church was shelled, the walls seemed impervious, except in one place behind the pulpit where was hung some tablets. Here they found the walls to be but one thickness of brick and the evident design of the architect to have there a Gothic window is now carried out and a stained glass one of fine proportions has taken the place of the tablets.

On Monday morning Mr. Pillsbury invited us to attend his court, which invitation we accepted, and for the first time saw the inside of a police court room. We had observed in our walks that the police were a remarkably fine looking set of men and well drilled, As we reached the office they all rose and touched their caps, gave the military salute while the captain called aloud, "make way for his Honor the Mayor," much in English style. We were seated where we could look into the faces of the lazy, lounging crowd of spectators. Nearly thirty culprits were brought up, some white, some black, some well, and some ill dressed. Their crimes drunkenness and vagrancy. Out of that number two only were women. One little fellow about seven years old was brought up. "Where do you live, my boy?" "Nowhere." "Where did you sleep last night?" "On a piazza." "Where the night before?" "Oh! on some piazza, specs." "You may go to the Orphan Asylum," and away went the little fellow with a "yah ha" such as no one can imitate. A most merciful and beneficial sentence to the child, for the asylum is well conducted.

In the afternoon we drove about the city, visiting the palatial residences, the battery and enjoying the gardens, the japonicas of all shades, from the purest white to the richest crimson, making them a joy to behold. Passing a large, handsome building, we inquired what it was, and learned that it was the Roper hospital, an institution in which the Charlestonians have great pride. It was founded early by a lady of great wealth and humanity. Through all their trials they have cherished this institution, and the name of its founder will be as historic as that of the noble Roman Lady, Fabiola, who, in the fourth century, founded the first hospital for the sick ever known. Thank God that there are hearts large enough to feel for all humanity, and heads to wisely dispose of wealth in such ways. But, alas, the multitudes possessed of thousands! who are yet the poorest of the poor, not having learned the secret that giving doth not impoverish, nor withholding enrich, but tendeth to poverty—the poverty of the soul.

Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, we went on board the Dictator, and bidding our kind friends farewell, we were soon speeding to the land of flowers.

P. W. D.

Ladies interested in all questions concerning the elevation of Women, are invited to attend the Conversazione, given by the New York City Woman's Suffrage Association at Mrs. Dr. Hallack's, 140 East 15th street.

OUR FIRST COLLEGIATE HONOR.

MONMOUTH, Ill., Jan. 16th, 1870.

MRS. E. C. STANTON: You will confer an honor upon the "Amateur Des Belles Lettres Society" of "Monmouth College" by accepting an honorary membership therein, to which position you were elected at a late meeting. Yours with respect,

W. L. BENNETT, Cor. Sec.,
P. O. Box 267.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28th.

W. L. BENNETT: It gives me great satisfaction to learn that I am elected honorary member of the "Amateur Des Belles Lettres Society" of "Monmouth College." I accept the honor with pleasure, and with best wishes for the success of a college that freely extends all its privileges to the noble daughters of the state. Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

WILL WOMEN BE INJURED BY VOTING?

FROM a semi-humorous letter, signed "Roland," in the Elmira *Saturday Evening Review*, we cut the following:

These women think their troubles will cease, when they have gained the right to vote, but their troubles will then commence. Fancy a woman contending with a host of office-seekers, and going mad over a political platform. All the womanly traits so endearing to man, must then be banished. The political squabbles, which are already a disgrace to the sterner sex, will become more virulent and disgusting. Women will be seen tramping to elections and conventions, their faces soured and disfigured by defeat, or rendered brazen and repulsive by the exultation of victory. It looks hard-hearted to oppose this movement, and yet how it will help them to gain their "rights," I cannot see. It is not a question of ability or right, but one of policy. Is it wise for women to enter the arena of contention, and of discussions which awaken the worst passions of the human heart? The best men despise political broils and so should women.

Now this embodies a style of objection to giving women suffrage, which is constantly reiterated by the shallow reasoners on this subject. We would like to ask "Roland," and those who think with him, a few questions. *First*, Are all the manly traits worth admiration, all kindness, generosity, courage, home-affections, lost in men because they can vote? Are all men constantly "tramping to conventions, their faces soured and disfigured by defeat, or rendered brazen and repulsive by victory, etc.?" Women now very frequently take a deep interest in an election, as deep an interest as if they were voters, but no one complains that they are either "disfigured or rendered repulsive" by the result.

Secondly, It may be asked, in all sadness, if the mere withholding of political equality makes all our women now pure and lovely as the being man dreams of as the ideal woman? Are there no shrill-voiced viragoes, no intriguing female politicians, no coarse, hard-handed working women now? And can we not hope that when that equal pay, which the ballot alone can give women, is won, there will be less of that lowest of degradations which springs so often from poverty?

Thirdly, Is it to the credit of the "best of men" that they refrain from politics? And may we not claim that the present corruption is owing largely to the fact that the best of men and all women do not give to the politics of the country that influence for good which can alone redeem them?

Finally, When a woman is "contending with a host of office-seekers," may it not be possible that her interests will have more consideration, and her petitions receive more respect, than now when she is a mere cipher, with no political influence whatever?

L. D. B.

THE REIGN OF PEACE.

WE hear from Japan that a piano has at last made its way into that country. The Mikado has had one of those instruments sent from Austria to his palace, and mark what follows! In the absence of professional teachers, Lady Parkes, the wife of Sir Harry Parkes, the British Minister near the imperial court of Japan, instructs the wife of the Mikado how to discourse sweet music.

Now here is a specimen of what the intercourse between two nations ought to be, each adding to the culture and enlightenment of the other, and, as might be expected, we find women the persons who are immediately interested in promoting it. Lord Clarendon acknowledged that the "era of war-ships, cannon-balls and opium was passing away." But he had not breadth of view sufficient to see that it must be to the gentle and ennobling influence of women in future governments, that we must look principally for help to promote this reign of peace.

L. D. B.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVERSAZIONE.—The conversazione of the City Woman Suffrage Association given at Mrs. Hallock's on Friday afternoon was well attended, and was a very spirited occasion. The president read a letter from a southern woman, asking northern woman to come south and organize Women's Suffrage Associations, independent of political parties. The writer asked why southern women were left out of the present Woman's Suffrage Associations?

The novelty of the meeting was that *every* lady present gave briefly her reason why she personally wished the ballot, and had you the space, I know the readers of THE REVOLUTION would be glad to read some of the very original reasons given.

The regular monthly meeting of the Association will be held on Friday, March 4th, at Room 24, Cooper Institute, and to this meeting the public are invited.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The *World* proclaimed last Sunday morning that disastrous rumors were afloat that the special ballot-box set apart for female suffragans at the approaching election in Minnesota is likely to be neglected by the sex for whose benefit it is instituted, and that Susan B. Anthony had girded herself for the camgaign, and was on her westward way to exhort the enfranchised fair to vote and swell the tide of victory from poll to poll, and not get themselves in a box by staying away from it."

The statement is partly true. Miss Anthony left on Saturday evening to be absent a month in part to fulfill engagements made by Mrs. Stanton and forfeited by serious illness, which still confines her at home and partly to answer calls of her own, which extend as far as Kansas, west, and Minnesota, northwest.

THE women of Hyde Park, near Boston, have held a meeting, chosen a committee to nominate town officers to be supported at the town meeting which takes place on the first Monday in March. And they have determined not only to nominate a ticket, but to vote and elect it, too, if possible. Let the good example be multiplied in imitations.

MINNESOTA—THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE BILL.—*Chicago, Feb. 24.*—A special dispatch to the *Tribune* from St. Paul says the bill which recently passed the Minnesota House of Representatives, providing for submitting to the people of the state an amendment to the Constitution on the question of Woman Suffrage, on which question women should be allowed to vote, was to-day concurred in by the Senate, 19 to 12. The bill provides that the women's vote shall be taken in separate boxes. It is understood that Gov. Austin will sign the bill.

Half a dozen of our best speakers should go all over Minnesota distributing tracts and discussing the question, and the Hutchinsons too should sing their Suffrage songs as they did in Kansas, and thus rouse the women of the state to white heat on the question of their enfranchisement.

A NEW OBJECTION.—The Springfield *Republican* thinks if Congress can't agree to do justice to the women clerks in the matter of salaries, members ought in common decency to stop the practice of charging them with all sorts of misbehavior whenever the subject comes up. One objection to raising the wages of the women clerks, last week, was, that if the compensation of the men and women was put on the same level, the political influence which controlled the vote would soon result in driving out every female employé *and giving her place to the clerk who could go home to vote.*

MRS. STANTON'S LECTURES.

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON was compelled, because of her recent attack of pneumonia, to give up a large number of her earlier engagements to lecture. Having now entirely recovered, she starts west on Friday, to fulfill the following appointments:

Wabash,	Indiana,	March	8th.
Crawfordsville,	"	"	10th.
Indianapolis,	"	"	11th.
Peoria,	Illinois,	"	14th.
Batavia,	"	"	15th.
Janesville,	Wisconsin,	"	16th.
Decorah,	Iowa,	"	18th.
Minneapolis,	Minnesota,	"	21st.
do.	"	"	22d.
Hastings,	"	"	23d.

Also the following, the dates not being yet definitely fixed:

St. Paul, Minn.	Hudson, Mich.
Stillwater, "	Columbus, Ohio.
Ripon, Wisconsin.	Toledo, "
Monticello, Iowa.	Tiffin, "
Iowa City, "	Pittsburg, Penn.
St. Joseph, Mich.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Jackson, "	Toronto, Canada.

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS.—Mrs. R. B. Gleason has now in press a medical work with that title which is designed especially to be a "practical Handbook for the Maid, the Wife and the Mother. Mrs. Dr. Gleason is too well and widely known in connection with the Elmira Water Cure, to need introduction or recommendation; and so, too, are her publishers, Drs. Wood & Holbrook, 15 Laight St., New York.

LIZZIE M. BOYNTON announces a new lecture on "Man's Rights," showing that in laying on man the burthen of supporting woman, doing all the rough work, the preaching, healing and legislating for the world, he has been deprived of his full rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. She now demands that he be released, and that every woman be compelled to stand on her own feet, and earn her own bread.

ONONDAGA CO., N. Y.

LECTURE BY PROF. SPRAGUE.

DEAR REVOLUTION: The partial course of lectures to be given in the interests of the N. Y. State Suffrage Association, by Star lecturers, was inaugurated last Thursday evening in Fayetteville, by Professor Sprague of Cornell University.

"Riches, and what constitutes them," was the subject, and was presented in a pleasing, forcible style. Prof. Sprague has many of the elements of a successful lecturer. He has ability, the first great requisite, and a pleasing manner, which is the second requisite. That "it is useless to attempt to bombard truth into a man," is a fact which audiences soon teach a speaker. In fact, to such a sensitive extreme have people gone on this point, that a piquant, anecdote-telling, brainless lecturer will call out a greater audience than Emerson. The mere fact of popularity is no test of worth. We find negro minstrels drawing larger houses than Alcott, or Sumner, while the brainless "Shoo, fly" song is on the lips of even Congressmen.

Professor Sprague, though one of our new lecturers, is yet to take high rank in that field, and in common with the best minds of the age, he stands on the Woman Suffrage platform, and, of course, favors the admission of women to Cornell University, of which he is a resident professor. He is, in fact, using his influence towards filling some of the professors' chairs by women. That woman will eventually take rank not only as learner, but also as teacher in our highest universities, is a fact which needs no prophetic vision to see. It follows a law as certain in its workings, as that water must run down hill.

Professor Sprague says, no girl who presents herself next fall at the University, under the state scholarship provision, can fail of admission. The great obstacle at present in the way, is the lack of suitable boarding places for girls near the institution. The University is located on the summit of a hill, a mile or more from the village, and during stormy weather would be almost inaccessible to girls. Prof. Sprague favors the use of the Cascadilla building as a boarding house for them, leaving the young men to gain their quarters, as many of them now do, down town. The Cascadilla is but a third of a mile from the University, as many of us, who live in Ithaca, well know, and is an immense building, at first designed for a water-cure, but has been hired by the University for a period of years, and is used as University commons, and professors' rooms. The parlor of this building is simply enormous—some sixteen sets finding dancing room on its floor at the same time, besides hundreds of spectators. The views from the windows of the Cascadilla are very fine, and in many ways it seems especially designed as aid in working out the problem of woman's admission to Cornell University.

M. E. J. G.

WHAT IS GAINED.—The Minnesota House of Representatives has passed a bill providing for submitting to the people (both men and women, though the votes of women are deposited separately) an amendment to their constitution, allowing women to vote at all elections on equal terms with men. Missouri is passing a provision, like that of Kansas, allowing woman suffrage in school matters, and Utah and Wyoming have led the way in extending the full right of suffrage, without any preliminary or preparatory steps whatever.

THE WILDS OF MAINE.

RESOLVED, That while we invoke the aid of woman in every good cause, we will labor for her enfranchisement.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I *introduced* the above resolution into a county temperance meeting in this (Piscataquis) county in January last. I have no doubt but it was the *first* time that anything of the kind was ever introduced into any public meeting in Maine. Without discussion, it received ELEVEN votes in its favor.

Last evening, at a large Temperance meeting in my own town (Parkman), I introduced the same resolution, and supported it, *as best I could*. It was, I am happy to say, adopted by a rising vote of 3 to 1.

The good seed is being sown, and in due time, will bear fruit, and I expect to shake hands with you at a Woman's Suffrage Convention in Maine in less than a year.

A. J. W. STEVENS.

Feb. 23d, 1870.

LETTER FROM ACTING GOVERNOR LEE.

WYOMING TERRITORY EXECUTIVE DEP'T.
CHEYENNE, February 9, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: In 1869, while a member of the Connecticut Legislature, I offered a resolution providing for Woman Suffrage in that state, which resulted in a vote of 93 yeas to 105 nays. President Grant appointed me Secretary of this Territory. Our late Legislature at the suggestion of myself and others, passed the Woman Suffrage bill.

Governor Campbell was violently opposed at first but we ultimately induced him to sign the bill. I am the editor and proprietor of the Wyoming *Tribune*, although my brother-in-law, S. Allen Berthol, appears in that capacity on paper. Will you exchange. Very truly, etc.

EDWARD M. LEE, Act. Gov.

GOOD friends, remember our dear Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, of Wyandotte—the woman to whom all Kansas wives and mothers are indebted for their right to their property and their children. During those fearful "Border Ruffian" years of 1857, '58, and '59, Mrs. Nichols travelled from settlement to settlement persistently—attended the Territorial Conventions and Assemblies for framing the Constitution,—everywhere urging *equal* rights for women.

S. B. A.

PHILADELPHIA DISPATCH.—Glad to see that this enterprising sheet is taking the right position on the Woman question, and thus smartly answers some impudent correspondent for finding fault with its position:

If it is right that women should be encouraged to become socially, industrially and mentally equal to men, all the arguments against their progress will not in the slightest degree impede that progress; but if we are wrong in our earnest desire to see women thus advance, our opponents may do as much good by showing us that it is useless to reach forward for crumbs of knowledge or scraps of wisdom which Nature has rendered it impossible for us either to appropriate or assimulate. The truth has far more to fear from indiscreet advocates than from honest opponents.

VERMONT AND VINELAND.—The Woman Suffrage campaign is now prosecuted with such vigor as really to require a bulletin of its own to report its advance. Excellent conventions have just been held in various places in Vermont, attended by Mr. Garrison, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and others, and one in Vineland, N. J., where Mrs. Churchill of R. I., Miss Grew of Philadelphia, and Lucy Stone performed important service. If possible, farther particulars of these and other similar movements will be given next week.

OUR thanks to Mrs. Doggett for her interesting letter and especially its good report of our dear friend, Ernestine L. Rose. Most earnestly do we hope MRS. ROSE'S health may be fully restored, and that she may return to us in time to be present at our second decade Convention to be held next October.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF US.

From the New York Tribune.

The indomitable Miss Anthony stands by her guns. When the Boston people give us promises of a new Woman's Rights paper which is to witch the world with noble editing, she appeals through our advertising columns to the million readers of the *Tribune* to take note of what her paper already is. When they parade Col. Higginson, she points proudly to the battered Parker Pillsbury; and when they announce literary work from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, she responds by publishing the first chapters of Miss Alice Cary's "Born Thrall"—a story which promises to display all the attractive graces that have long made Miss Cary's prose only less popular than her poetry. THE REVOLUTION is a startling paper to read: and we can at least assure intending subscribers that they will never be in danger of going to sleep over its columns.

We tremble for THE REVOLUTION. Its Boston rival, the *Woman's Journal*, the first number of which has just reached us, is edited by somebody who understands making up a newspaper. It is bright, clean, attractive and well-written. There is only one thing which can cause it to fail in its special mission. We have looked through it with a little care, and have been unable to find a single article abusing the *Tribune*. A Woman's Rights paper that does not abuse the *Tribune* is an anomaly. If it fail, that will be the reason of it. Look to the triumphant REVOLUTION, thou Boston sluggard, and be wise—*Ibid.*

When Mr. Greeley's great heart begins to feel such a deep interest in us as to "tremble" for our safety at the appearance of a rival, our fear of the rival is lost in the assurance from so powerful a journal that its happiness is bound up in our success.

Do not misname our gentle chastisements "abuse," they are all administered in love and charity, as to an erring child, and have evidently had a good effect, as the above sunny, genial notices of us fully show. If we can keep Mr. Greeley wide awake with his genius for sleep, we shall certainly keep the rest of mankind in a perfect tremor.

From the New Brunswick (N. J.) Daily Times.

We have always had our doubts in regard to the propriety of woman having the franchise—doubts which nothing can settle, perhaps, but a breakfast with Sorosis at Delmonico's.

But we have no doubts, however, in regard to granting a favor when a woman asks it, and having received a copy of THE REVOLUTION, with a polite request to publish the prospectus, we comply with that good nature and alacrity which are distinguishing features of our character. It will appear to-morrow. We shall also send our daily to THE REVOLUTION, with only one request, that they will keep it on file, and we shall do the same with THE REVOLUTION. We shall thus be enabled to have before us, mutually, pleasant souvenirs of efforts all tending to the same end. We are both aiming at a revolution; both working for the physical, moral, mental, and spiritual elevation of the race. We may arrive at it by different roads, but the goal is the same. The sun is the sun whether its light be received in an attic or a cellar window.

We like THE REVOLUTION. It has *vim*. There isn't a "namby-pamby" line about it, and those who remember the milk and water (principally water) "ladies" literature of a few years ago, will be delighted at the

fresh, hearty tone of this journal. It has enough of woman's tenderness to redeem it from the charge of being ultra masculine, and enough energy to redeem it from pure femininity. We would say more, but our time and space forbid. We shall refer to it again, hereafter.

Come and breakfast with us at the Woman's Bureau, and with sound arguments we can dissipate all your doubts in one half hour, for we see from your notice of us that you have a clear, perceptive, philosophical cast of mind, capable of knowing when you are throughly answered. You will not only be put on file but your golden opinions will be bound up in our next volume, to be preserved in the archives of the nation forever and ever.

From the Pittsburg (Pa.) Weekly Mirror.

CAN'T AFFORD IT.—THE REVOLUTION is a good paper, but as it can't afford to exchange unless we publish nearly a column of its prospectus, neither can we afford to get it on such terms. We never had but one other paper make such an impudent request. Good-bye REVOLUTION. We shall continue to think kindly of you and your cause.

We commend to you the chivalry of the *Times* as above. If we are "impudent," we are glad there is but one man ahead of us. But as you call us "good," and "think kindly" of us, perhaps you will change your mind and give us a little puff. If your good wife should read THE REVOLUTION one year, she would say "*she* could not afford" to be without it.

From the Wyoming (Tunkhannock, Pa.) Democrat.

The prospectus and terms of this sprightly and spicy paper will be found in our advertising columns of to-day. This journal which is printed in good style and put up in an attractive, readable shape, is edited by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, assisted by Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis and a full corps of the most accomplished lady writers of the country. It is, of course, devoted to Female Suffrage and the rights of women generally. Mrs. Stanton and her coadjutors propose to keep this ball revolving until it shall become large enough to attract some attention in the social, moral and political world.

THE REVOLUTION has, as yet, produced no very violent changes in our household. Our good wife asserted her rights in that domain, before the breaking out of THE REVOLUTION, which, it seems, is inevitable. In the language of Patrick, we say, "Let 'er come."—*Aunt Elizabeth.*

Oh, no! we shall not fight you with pikes, guns and bows. Ours is to be a moral warfare. We shall simply call you together in Conventions, appeal to your reason, conscience and affections, pelt you with arguments and quotations from Jefferson, Adams, Hancock and Patrick Henry, hurl at you all the thunders of the fathers, flood the state and national legislatures with prayers and petitions, and having done all, watch and wait for the coming day of equal rights to all.

From the Emporium (Pa.) Independent.

The writers in THE REVOLUTION are literary people, women of culture and refinement. The paper is bright with the sparkle of woman's wit, full of fanatical *vim*, but is hardly a document to be desired by any husband who would keep peace in the family. To the confiding *pater familias*, who has no fear of the fate of poor Candle, we say, subscribe to THE REVOLUTION. To the family whose life of harmony has become too monotonous, we recommend the lucubrations of Mrs. Stanton, and especially the story by Alice Cary, commenced in this number of THE REVOLUTION, entitled "The Born Thrall." If these do not create a stir among the household and kitchen furniture, including the lengendary broomstick, we have certainly misjudged their probable effect.—*Patriot.*

The principal aim of Mrs. Stanton and her associates, in establishing their journal, seems to be the advocacy of Woman's Suffrage. In this view they have given the right name to the paper. Their idea lies at the bottom of a social revolution. The entrance of woman into the political arena must necessarily be accompanied by great changes in the relation of husband and wife and that of parent and child. There can be no doubt that the laws regulating the rights of property should be so modified as to give a larger protection to married women. But this or any other reform looking to the amelioration of woman's condition, can be accomplished without disturbing the family relation. Without at all entering into the philosophy of the Woman's Rights question (for our space forbids), we state it as a logical certainty, that since the helpless negro slave was made free, woman, the light and glory of society, cannot be denied those civil immunities which attach to the social position for which she was created. That the exercise of the elective franchise is one of those immunities, we deny. It is utterly inconsistent with the natural duty of woman in her capacity as wife and mother.

It would not endanger social morals by so far changing the family relations to-day as to make the wife in all respects the equal of her husband. Whatever men may think of the present condition of family life, there are many vital changes desired by women, changes that would secure greater peace and happiness than most now enjoy.

THE President has nominated Mrs. Mary Prindle to be postmaster at Wabashaw, Minnesota. Mrs. Prindle is the widow of the late Senator Prindle.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used my Wheeler & Wilson machine ten years without repairs, not only for family sewing, but for all the stitching I could get to do, from the heaviest beaver to the finest muslin. In six months I made alone on the machine twenty-five coats, seven vests, ten pairs of pants, twenty-four shirts, and a number of cloaks, etc.

North East, Pa. MISS L. HARRIS.

Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible fo their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.]

THE GREAT REFORMER.

BY A FARMER.

THE chief enemy and stumbling-block in the way of universal suffrage, of national prosperity, of the people's money, and economy, paradoxical as it may appear, is the New York *Tribune*. You have witnessed its persistent efforts, and perhaps slightly felt the effects of its dull wit and stupid attempts to ridicule the noble men and women that have inaugurated the great movement for woman's rights and fully appreciate them. Will you allow a farmer in a few brief sentences to exhibit in THE REVOLUTION the reasons why the minority of the great reformers is so bitter on the other questions alluded to. For more than a year, it has been the fierce advocate of immediate resumption of specie payments. "Resumption now," "make the plunge at once." It proved to its own satisfaction, that it could be at once accomplished. But as every intelligent statesman knew it was impossible, it has not been attempted. It now says:

"The redemption in some shape of our greenbacks ought to be no longer delayed. *Our* plan is—Resume!—but, if we cannot carry that, we are ready to do the next best thing."

That is, to fund them into interest-bearing bonds. Every reader of the *Tribune* knows what an ardent friend of *economy* that paper is.

The chief editor was the master spirit that inspired McCulloch, Johnson & Co's. Administration of the national finances. He madly advised the contraction and funding of the government money, and four hundred millions was withdrawn, destroyed and funded into 6 per cent bonds, thus wantonly adding twenty-four millions of dollars annually to the burthens of the people. And now he demands in the name of *economy* that three hundred and fifty millions more, the balance of the people's money in circulation, the life blood of the nation shall also be destroyed and funded, increasing our interest-paying obligations to this amount, and adding another twenty millions of dollars per annum to be collected from the labor of the country. This system of economy is only equalled by this philosopher's wisdom of advising the government to sell all the gold in the Treasury, and then resume specie payment at once.

But as this is the shortest road to bankruptcy and low prices, so much desired by this eminent political economist, it is only consistent with his economical theory of "getting down to hard pan now, and of relieving the country from its financial difficulties," and pleasing the great capitalist and his ardent friends, Senators Conkling and Fenton. He is true to them, and his own interest. Perhaps as women are incapable of understanding this superior mode of economy, that is the reason why he is so hostile to those possessing the right to assist in legislation.

The *Tribune* has frequently frankly acknowledged that resumption of specie payment "means reduction of prices of labor and produce." This is true, and if he had added, increase in the rate of interest on money, it would have uttered another truth.

A reduction of one-third in the price of paper, ink, and printers salaries would reduce the expenses of the *Tribune* Association *three or four hundred thousand dollars per annum*, and add this snug sum to the yearly income of that flourishing company—for we have no hint that in the event of specie payment, there would be a reduction in the prices charged for advertising or for the daily *Tribune*; they would probably reduce the price of the weekly and furnish it to single subscribers for one dollar per year, as this increased circulation and reduced price would break or cripple the country newspapers and enable it to punish refractory legislators and members of Congress, who dare to differ from it, or who refused to receive its hints and obey its commands.

In 1865 the government and the people had the free use of eight hundred millions of government money. "Bills of credit" authorized in plain and explicit terms by the Constitution. They were extremely popular then as at present, among all classes, except those who live upon the interest of money, and the usurers and *extortionists*. And as they saved the Treasury forty-eight millions of dollars per annum in gold, a sum sufficient to pay the national debt in a few years, they should have been kept in circulation, and would in all probability have been, had not *Horace Greeley* worked night and day to crush these "vile, miserable, greasy, dirty greenbacks, etc., etc.,"—epithets he continually used in reference to money, and used them with such effect as no other man could. These Treasury notes circulated freely among the people. The price of money or rate of interest was low. Every man, woman and child that could and would work was fully employed at a fair, if you please, at high rates for wages—business was conducted for cash, but few credits were given or required. And the productions of the mechanical and agricultural classes were enormous, and then happiness and wealth, and consequently the wealth of the country were multiplied to an incalculable extent. No nation on the globe ever exhibited or realized such boundless prosperity. This money was the chief agent that saved the life of the nation. It paid the men, and bought the food, clothing,

arms, and ships, that conquered the rebellion. And this money cost literally nothing but the printing and paper, and saved the government in interest fifty millions of dollars in gold annually. The trade of the usurers suffered, and they screeched and hollered, "crisis" "crash," "ruin," "bankruptcy," etc., etc. The great economiser of the *Tribune* led them on, and became popular with the aristocrats, Democrats, and Republicans (see New York city election returns),—but unpopular among the farmers and mechanics (see election returns from the rural districts)—and the Republican party was defeated in New York and New Jersey—and nearly so in Pennsylvania and Ohio—and yet this *Tribune* howls for the destruction of the people's money—which means the destruction of the Republican party—for as certain as fate, if they allow bankruptcy thus unnecessarily to come upon the people, even the great name and services of General or President Grant cannot and ought not to save it from annihilation.

Secretary Boutwell, being supported by Schenck and Garfield—one being Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and the other Chairman on Banking and Currency—is following in the footsteps of McCulloch, the lately defunct, but now forgotten Minister of Finance—and obeying the orders of these masters, the money kings of New York and Boston --who gave these three small, big men their places in the Cabinet, and at the head of their important committees.

The *Tribune* says, "make the plunge now." And these men endeavoring to make the laboring classes believe that it is their duty to make the sacrifice—repeating the glaring falsehoods of the *Tribune* to reconcile their constituents to the sad fate their false theory are certain to involve them in.

In 1869 the farmers and producers of the Northern States, without the aid of gold and by the assistance of an inconvertible and irredeemable government money were enabled to raise and manufacture over six thousand million of dollars of produce. This enormous and unrivaled amount of wealth was created by the friends of the Treasury money—and is of more value than all the services of money-lenders since the creation of man. We, using the common parlance of the day, called this money inconvertible and irredeemable—which is not true—every person is more than willing to redeem it, by giving for it his lands, houses and most precious things. Rich corporations are beginning to exchange gold bonds, bearing the ruinous rates of 6, 7 and 8 per cent. And the government more than redeems the entire amount over twelve months for taxes, and will exchange rich land at $1.25 per acre for it.

This money, as we have already proved, enabled the industrial classes to produce in a single year more wealth within the United States than there are dollars in gold in all the nations on the globe. Of this six thousand million of dollars, more than one half was—as the government officers report—the products of the agriculturists.

The Secretary of the Treasury, obeying the dictates of the bond and gold speculators of Wall street and to obtain the praise of the almost omnipotent *Tribune*, manipulated the gold market, just as the farmers had got their crops ready for market—and reduced the price of gold from 135 to 120 per cent. premium, and robbing these laboring men of at least five hundred millions of dollars, and adding to the price of the bonds in the hands of the usurers, gold and bond speculators almost an equal amount.

Is it not the duty of every farmer and mechanic to subscribe for the weekly *Tribune?* "the best and largest paper in the world!" It certainly is very sweet on farmers, and then it contains "My Experience on Farming."

Only last week, it gave the very valuable information for farmers. If they received 20 or 25 per cent. less for their produce, they made it up on the purchases. That is, if a farmer sells 1,000 bushels of wheat for 40 cents per bushel loss—he will more than make it up on tea and coffee, so really there is no difference after all.

If the Republican party pursues this policy, it will make a vast difference when the votes are counted next fall. In view of what has been done, what is proposed to be accomplished in the reduction in prices—the editor of the *Tribune* with a great flourish of his mighty pen issues the command, "stand from under," and to the poor people, "root hog or die," and endeavors almost daily to ridicule THE REVOLUTION out of existence and destroy the influence of the noble women that conduct and support it.

The Revolution,

For 1870.

THE REVOLUTION is a weekly journal advocating Suffrage for women.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Cor. Editor.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

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26	63.62	11 "	699.82	300.18	1000.00
32	72.76	10 "	727.60	272.40	1000.00
38	82.87	9 "	745.83	254.17	1000.00
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